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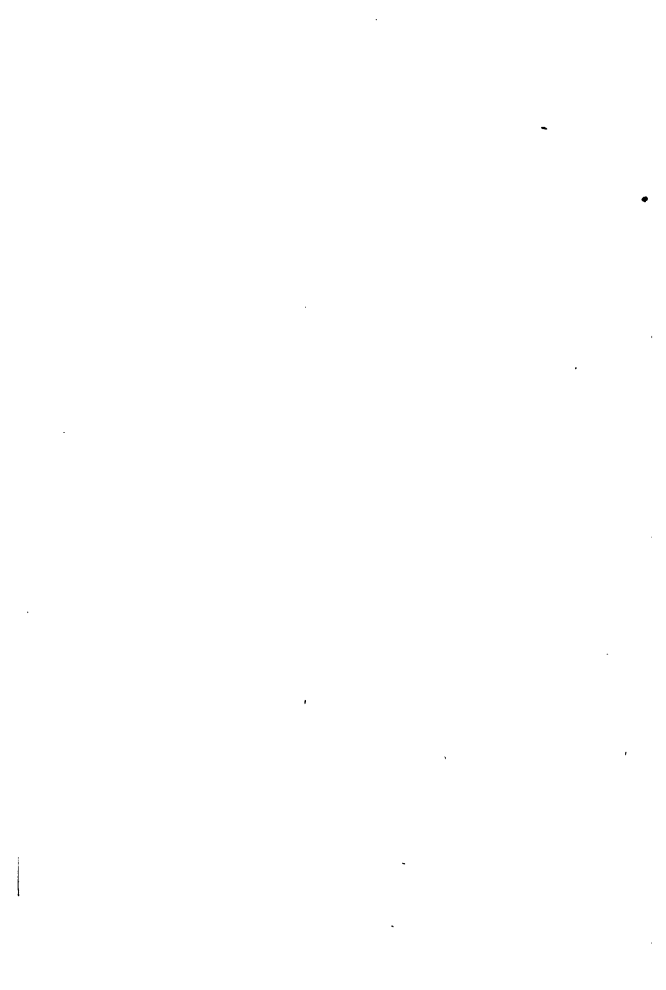
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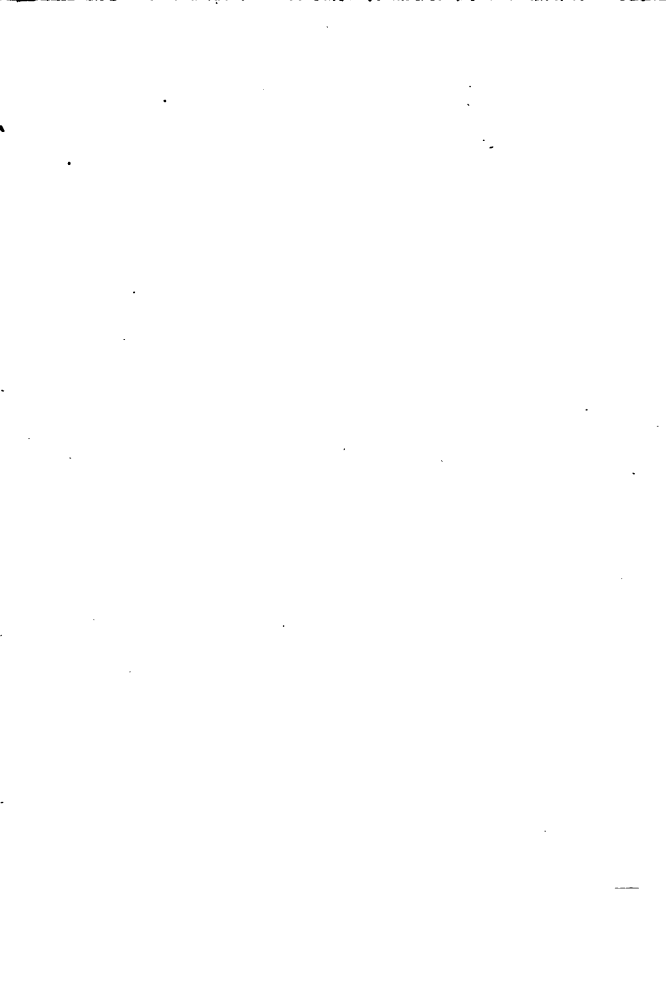
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Edgar Poe . . .

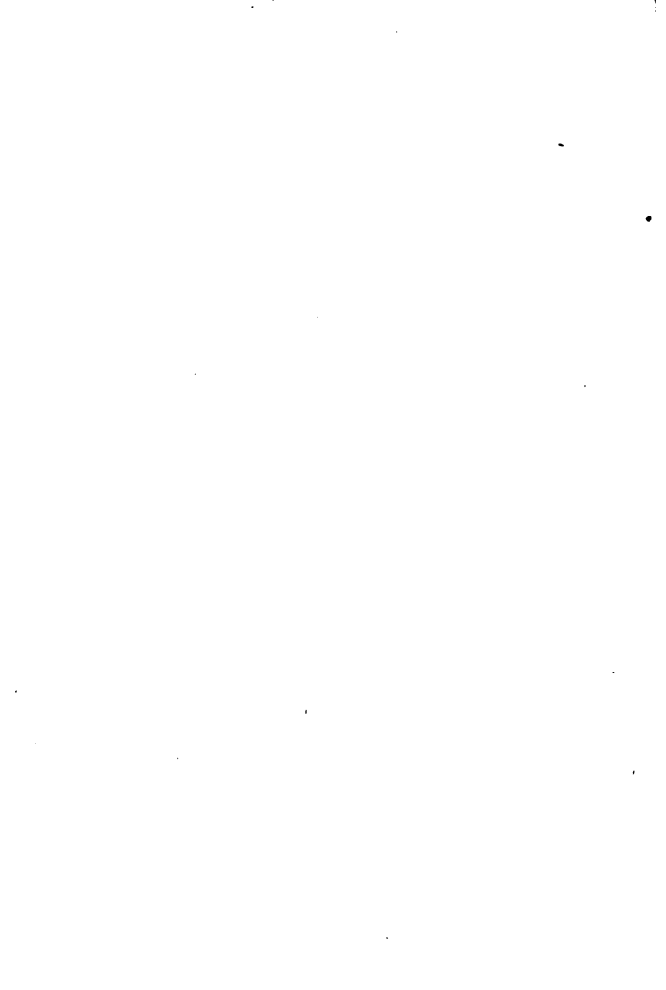


THE BIRTHDAY BOOK
OF
AMERICAN POETS.

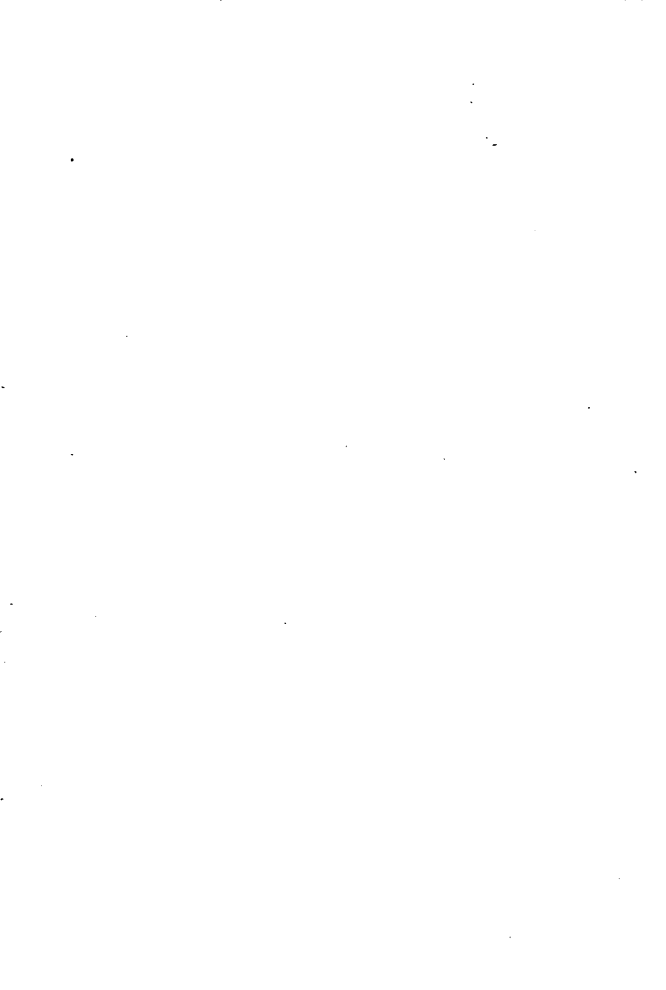


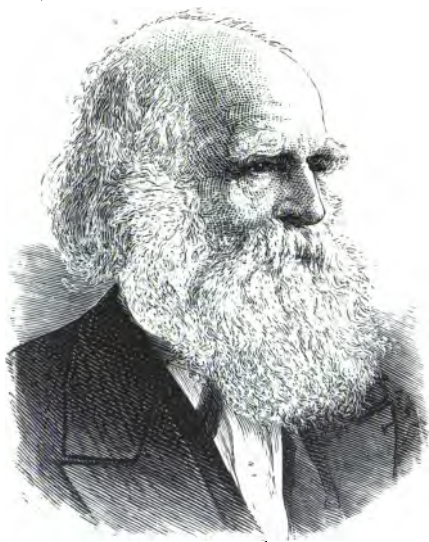
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THE BIRTHDAY BOOK
OF
AMERICAN POETS.





William Cullen Bryant

THE
ILLUSTRATED
BIRTHDAY BOOK
OF
American Poets

EDITED BY
ALMIRA L. HAYWARD



BOSTON
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY
1883

KC 14410



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UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

DEDICATION.

*O POETS! crowned with years and fame,
Ye need not here be called by name,
As at your feet I humbly lay
This sheaf I've gathered day by day.
Its fairest, ripest grain was found
In your own fields, rich, world-renowned;
And that of lesser worth will gain
A deeper value, if ye deign
To take it in your honoring hands.
In this your own and other lands,
Your birthdays have been loved and kept
By many who with you have wept
The vanished face of him who, led
By "an unfaltering trust," is dead,
Yet lives, as ye shall live, revered,
By every year the more endeared.*

A. L. H.

CAMBRIDGE, September, 1880.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.



THIS BIRTHDAY BOOK has been compiled upon a plan that ranges over the whole field of American poetry, and includes all the most striking and appropriate passages wherever found.

The superior variety and richness of such selection as far excels a collection from any one author as the whole body of American verse exceeds that of even its most eminent single member.

Selected portraits of many of the best-known poets complete and accompany the quotations from their works.



LIST OF PORTRAITS.



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
BRET HARTE.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
EDGAR ALLAN POE.
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.
BAYARD TAYLOR.
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE NEW YEAR.

NEW YEAR, if you were bringing Youth,
As you are bringing Age,
I would not have it back, in sooth;
I have no strength to wage
Lost battles over. Let them be,
Bury your dead, O Memory!

Good-by, since you are gone, Old Year,
And my past life, good-by!
I shed no tear upon your bier,
For it is well to die.
New Year, your worst will be my best—
What can an old man want but rest?

R. H. Stoddard.

The years have linings just as goblets do:
The old year is the lining of the new;
Filled with the wine of precious memories,
The golden *was* doth line the silver *is*.

C. F. Bates.







Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

JANUARY.

UNWARMED by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night, —
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;

All day the hoary meteor fell,
And when the second morning shone
We looked upon a world unknown;

No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow !

J. G. Whittier.

— *January 1.* —

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

W. C. Bryant.

Go breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer."

H. W. Longfellow.

— *January 2.* —

None looked upon her but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer,
And into each one's heart was freshly brought
What was to him the sweetest time of year;
So was her every look and motion fraught
With out-of-door delights and forest lere;
Not the first violet on a woodland lea
Seemed more a visible gift of Spring than she.

J. R. Lowell.

— *January 3.* —

Merrily upon the land,
Gay and grand,
Here I stand,
And turn my eyes to see
What life may mean to me.

E. S. Phelps.

He serves all who dares be true.

R. W. Emerson.

January 1.

January 2.

January 3.

— *January 4.* —

Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower;
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

W. C. Bryant.

— *January 5.* —

Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply —
“’Tis man’s perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.”

R. W. Emerson.

Men’s lives, like oceans, change
In shifting tides, and ebb from either shore
Till the strong planet draws them on once more.

E. C. Stedman.

— *January 6.* —

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened
his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest
devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the
hem of her garment !

H. W. Longfellow.

Through love to light ! Through light, O God, to
thee,
Who art the Love of love, the eternal Light of light !

R. W. Gilder.

January 4.

January 5.

January 6.

— *January 7.* —

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

H. W. Longfellow.

Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *January 8.* —

His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

W. C. Bryant.

— *January 9.* —

Underneath the winter's snows,
The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blooming!
And the lives that look so cold, if their stories
could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould, would seem full
of love and spring.

T. B. Aldrich.

January 7.

January 8.

January 9.

— January 10. —

Her name before she was a queen boots not.

When she was crowned, her kingdom said, "The Queen!"

And, after that, all other names too mean
By far had seemed. Perhaps all were forgot,
Save "Queen, sweet Queen."

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

— January 11. —

Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
Till crushed by Pain's resistless power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never,
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever.

J. G. Holland.

— January 12. —

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the future cries
"On! On!" but o'er the Past,
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

E. A. Poe.

January 10.

January 11.

all the day.

Jan 11. 4/11. 1881.

January 12.

— *January 13.* —

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come,
When she was glad and when she was glum ;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop !
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
“ Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,”
Proud beyond comparison !

J. G. Saxe.

— *January 14.* —

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

H. W. Longfellow.

— *January 15.* —

A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair ;
A seeming child in every thing,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

J. G. Whittier.

January 13.

January 14.

January 15.

Mary A. Fowle '83-

— *January 16.* —

True to all Truth the world denies,
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin;
Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within.

Who makes another's grief his own,
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer;
Where lives the saint, if such be known?
Speak softly, — such an one is here!

O. W. Holmes.

— *January 17.* —

Like one who leaves the trampled street
For some cathedral, cool and dim,
Where he can hear in music beat
The heart of prayer, that beats for him;
Restored and comforted, I go
To grapple with my tasks again;
Through silent worship taught to know
The blessed peace that follows pain.

Bayard Taylor.

— *January 18.* —

He shall guide the van of Truth,
And in manhood as in youth
Be her fearless, be her peerless Color-Bearer!

J. T. Trowbridge.

Shall they who drag their crosses aye in sadness,
Their faces to the dust,
Not carry palms at last, or know the gladness
Of souls that rest and trust?

Mrs. M. L. Dickinson

January 16.

January 17.

January 18.

— *January 19.* —

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth, — his hall the azure dome ;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

R. W. Emerson.

All things come round to him who will but wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *January 20.* —

Like the prairie lilies
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

H. W. Longfellow.

Men know thee most as one who loves his race,
And bless thee with their love.

Bayard Taylor.

— *January 21.* —

Yet act thy part, heroic heart !
For only by the strong
Are great and noble deeds achieved ;
No truth was ever yet believed
That had not struggled long.

J. T. Trowbridge.

From wells where Truth in secret lay
He saw the midnight stars by day.

W. D. Howells.

January 19.

January 20.

January 21.

— *January 22.* —

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

J. G. Whittier.

— *January 23.* —

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one ;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun ;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
To be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.

— *January 24.* —

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, — they were
souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the con-
tumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden
beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their
faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
supreme design.

J. R. Lowell.

January 22.

January 23.

January 24.

— *January 25.* —

Patience; accomplish thy labor, accomplish thy
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love till the
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven!

H. W. Longfellow.

— *January 26.* —

Among so many, can He care?

Can special love be everywhere?

I asked: my soul bethought of this:—

In just that very place of His

Where He hath put and keepeth you,

God hath no other thing to do!

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

— *January 27.* —

I saw her there a household dove,
In consummated peace of love;
And sweeter joy and saintlier grace
Breathed o'er the beauty of her face.

The mother's smile, the children's kiss,
And home's serene abounding bliss;
The fruitage of a life that bore
But idle summer blooms before.

Bayard Taylor.

January 25.

January 26.

January 27.

Mary Hyde Buckingham. 1862.

January 28.

So trusting Him whose love he knows,
Singing along the road he goes;
And nightly of his burden makes
A pillow till the morning breaks.

He longs to go, — he loves to stay; —
For God is both his Home and Way.

Lucy Larcom.

January 29.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the blooms of early May!
Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

W. C. Bryant.

January 30.

Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small,
Some, it is not recorded
Why they were born at all.

Will Carleton.

I once was a jolly young beau
And knew how to pick up a fan,
But I've done with all that, you must know,
For now I'm a family man! *J. G. Saxe.*

January 28.

January 29.

January 30.

— *January 31.* —

Therefore, great heart, bear up ! thou art but type
Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
Would win men back to strength and peace through
love :

Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
With vulture beak ; yet the high soul is left ;
And faith, which is but hope grown wise ; and love
And patience, which at last shall overcome.

J. R. Lowell.

January 31.





R. W. Emerson.

FEBRUARY.

COME when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach !
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look ! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal ; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.

.

All, all is light ;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

W. C. Bryant.

February 1.

God forgive me ! But I've thought
A thousand times that if I had His power,
Or He my love, we'd have a different world
From this we live in.

J. G. Holland.

What matters it ! A few years more,
Life's surge, so restless heretofore,
Shall break upon the unknown shore !

J. G. Whittier.

February 2.

Fair as a summer's dream was Margaret, —
Such dream as in a poet's soul might start,
Musing of old loves while the moon doth set :
Her hair was not more sunny than her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet
It circled her dear head, with careless art
Mocking the sunshine, that would fain have lent
To its frank grace a richer ornament.

J. R. Lowell.

February 3.

No fear that any poet dies unknown,
Whose songs are written in the hearts that know
And love him, though their partial verdict show
The tenderness that moves the critic's blame.
Those few have power to lift his name above
Forgetfulness, to grant that noblest fame
Which sets its trumpet to the lips of Love !

Bayard Taylor.

February 1.

February 2.

February 3.

February 4.

Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes.
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness like that above.

H. W. Longfellow.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others grow more sweet.

O. W. Holmes.

February 5.

Whom He will choose, He chooseth : some to honor,
Some to dishonor : this to be and bear,
And that to dare and do ; these bear his swords,
And these his chains.

E. S. Phelps.

God sets some souls in shade alone ;
They have no daylight of their own :
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

February 6.

I wish — that friends were always true,
And motives always pure ;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer ;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching ;
I wish that practising was not
So different from preaching !

J. G. Saxé.

February 4.

February 5.

February 6.

February 7.

I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee :
" All is of God that is, and is to be ;
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon his will
Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the
ill.

J. G. Whittier.

February 8.

Ripe were the maiden's years ; her stature showed
Womanly beauty, and her clear, calm eye
Was bright with venturous spirit, yet her face
Was passionless, like those by sculptor graved
For niches in a temple. Lovers oft
Had wooed her, but she only laughed at love,
And wondered at the silly things they said.

W. C. Bryant.

February 9.

Nothing useless is or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

H. W. Longfellow.

February 7.

February 8.

February 9.

February 10.

God sends what the true heart brings :
Stranger or familiar hand,
Priest among his holy things,
Only bears the gift He planned.

And the best of all He sends
Is no measured dole, but love ;
Is not cumbering goods, but friends ;
Wingèd souls with ours to move.

Lucy Larcom.

February 11.

Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth, — the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul for ever liveth
Nearer God from day to day.

J. R. Lowell.

February 12.

Alas ! by what rude fate
Our lives, like ships at sea, an instant meet,
Then part for ever on their courses fleet !

E. C. Stedman.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

H. W. Longfellow.

February 10.

February 11.

February 12.

— *February 13.* —

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *February 14.* —

Life is good and life is fair,
Love awaits thee everywhere:
Love ! is Love's immortal prayer.

Live for love, and thou shalt be,
Loving others, true to me:
Love, I follow, follow thee !

Bayard Taylor.

— *February 15.* —

A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

J. G. Whittier.

He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some other street.

H. W. Longfellow.

February 13.

February 14.

February 15.

— *February 16.* —

They who love best need friendship most ;
Hearts only thrive on varied good ;
And he who gathers from a host
Of friendly hearts his daily food
Is the best friend that we can boast.

J. G. Holland

— *February 17.* —

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
How beautiful ! how beautiful she is !

H. W. Longfellow.

Her beauty, guarded, kept her beautiful.

Bayard Taylor.

Is it slow slipping beads, or patient folding
Of stained hands in prayer
That makes them purer, or the faithful holding
Of what God gives to bear ?

Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.

— *February 18.* —

Laughing words and peals of mirth
Long are changed to grave endeavor
Sorrow's winds have swept to earth
Many a blossomed hope forever.
Thunder-heads have hovered o'er —
Storms my path have chilled and shaded ;
Of the bloom my gay youth bore,
Some has fruited, more has faded.

Will Carleton.

February 16.

February 17.

February 18.

February 19.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for
that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight
and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of chil-
dren.

H. W. Longfellow.

Hold fast the truth that God is good.

J. G. Whittier.

February 20.

The dropping of love's golden fruit,
The slowly builded walls of distance,
The outstretched hand, the meeting foot,
Withdrawn in doubt, and drear, late chance
Of cooling Autumn; wind and sand

On the land. —

But I stand,

And brush my tears to see

All that life means to me.

E. S. Phelps.

February 21.

High was her heart, and yet was well inclined,
Her manners made of bounty well refined;
For capitals, and marble courts, her eye still seemed
to see,
Minstrels and kings and high-born dames, and of
the best that be.

R. W. Emerson.

February 19.

February 20.

February 21.

— *February 22.* —

Strength to his hours of manly toil !
Peace to his starlit dreams !
Who loves alike the furrowed soil,
The music-haunted streams !

Sweet smiles to keep for ever bright
The sunshine on his lips,
And faith that sees the ring of light
Round nature's last eclipse !

O. W. Holmes.

— *February 23.* —

In all his ways
He showed that quiet of the upper world
A breath can turn to tempest, and the force
Of rooted firs that slowly split the stone.

Bayard Taylor.

Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,
And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,
Low voice of conscience.

J. G. Whittier.

— *February 24.* —

If tears were dry and laughter should seem strange ;
And if the soul should doubt itself and falter :
Since God is God, and He can never change,
The fashions of the earth and Heaven may alter ;
Why should we care ?

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

His face is truly of the Roman mould,
He bears within the heart of Cato, too ;
Although his look may seem severe and cold
He never would be false to truth or you.

C. F. Bates.

February 22.

February 23.

February 24.

February 25.

He loved his friends, forgave his foes ;
And if his words were harsh at times,
He spared his fellow-men, — his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

He loved the good and wise, but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

J. G. Whittier.

February 26.

A face to lose one's life for ; ay, and more,
To live for !

E. C. Stedman.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

J. R. Lowell.

February 27.

Across the mighty deep
Of human souls his songs for ever move ;
Like freighted ships their destined ways they keep,
Yet, soon or late, all harbors richer prove
When in there float the white sails of his thought.

C. F. Bates.

— *February 25.* —

— *February 26.* —

— *February 27.* —

February 28.

A brave simplicity of soul
And ceaseless vigilance, by honor bred
Stayed him, and o'er his actions held control.

E. C. Stedman.

Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

H. W. Longfellow.

February 29.

Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be recognized;
But its baser affectation is a thing to be despised.
Only when the man is loyal to himself shall he be prized.

If I live the life He gave me, God will turn it to His use.

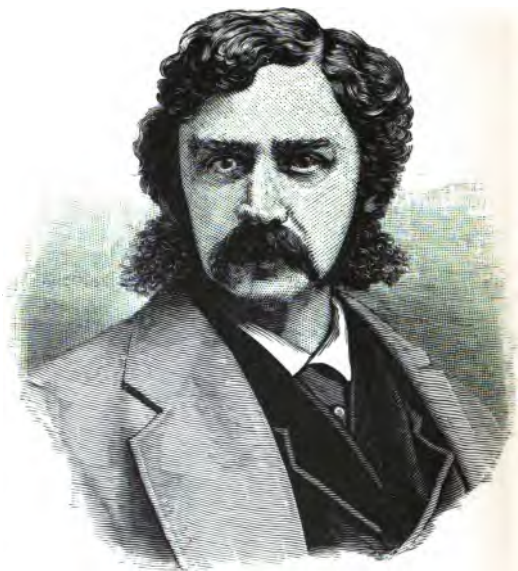
Bayard Taylor.

February 28.

February 29.







Butcher

MARCH.

BENEATH the sheltering walls the thin snow
clings, —

Dead winter's skeleton, left bleaching white,
Disjointed, crumbling, on unfriendly fields.
The inky pools surrender tardily
At noon, to patient herds a frosty drink
From jagged rims of ice; a subtle red
Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
Of lowly meadow growths; the willows wrap.
Their stems in furry white; the pines grow gray
A little in the biting wind; midday
Brings tiny burrowed creatures, peeping out
Alert for sun.

Ah, March ! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

March 1.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full as rosy agin,
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On such a blessed creeter,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

J. R. Lowell.

March 2.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other !

H. W. Longfellow.

All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

R. W. Emerson.

March 3.

For both are his own, — the innocence
That climbs from the heart of earth to heaven,
And the virtue that gently rises thence
Through trial sent and victory given.

W. D. Howells.

On every side he open was as day,
That you might see no lack of strength within.

H. D. Thoreau.

March 1.

March 2.

March 3.

— *March 4.* —

For angels wait on Providence,
And mark the sundered places,
To graft with gentlest instrument
The heavenly graces.

J. G. Holland.

I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will !

Phæbe Cary.

— *March 5.* —

Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky ?
Is there betwixt the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou mayst be,
A life's probation in this sadder world ?
Art thou with memory of two things only,
Music and light, left upon earth astray,
And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven,
Looked for with fear and trembling ?

N. P. Willis.

— *March 6.* —

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day !
What woman nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay, —
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.

T. B. Aldrich.

March 4.

March 5.

March 6.

— *March 7.* —

O noble soul, whose strengths like mountains stand,
Whose purposes, like adamantine stone,
Bar roads to feeble feet, and wrap the land
In seeming shadow, thou, too, hast thine own
Sweet valleys full of flowers for me alone,
Unseen, unknown, undreamed of by the mass,
Who do not know the secret of the Pass.

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

— *March 8.* —

The rose of your cheek is precious ;
Your eyes are warmer than wine ;
You catch men's souls in the meshes
Of curls that ripple and shine —
But, ah ! not mine.

Bayard Taylor.

Ah ! little coquette ! Fair deceit !
Some things are bitter that were sweet.

W. D. Howells.

— *March 9.* —

She saw the weak in their sad shadow dying,
The strong on heights of ease in purple lying ;
Then turned to one who stood by her, whose face
Revealed the glory of all manliest grace.
In trust and joy she leaned upon his breast
Who held her as the sum of strength and rest.
They spoke not, but as angels smile, they smiled,
And down into the world went, following their
child.

Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson.

March 7.

March 8.

March 9.

— *March 10.* —

Well hast thou borne the bleak March day of life.
Its storms and its keen winds to thee have been
Most kindly tempered, and through all its gloom
There has been warmth and sunshine in thy heart ;
The griefs of life to thee have been like snows,
That light upon the fields in early spring,
Making them greener.

W. C. Bryant.

— *March 11.* —

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
“ Be bold ! be bold ! ” and everywhere — “ Be bold ;
Be not too bold ! ” Yet better the excess
Than the defect ; better the more than less ;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *March 12.* —

They brought me rubies from the mine,
And held them to the sun ;
I said, they are drops of frozen wine
From Eden's vats that run.

I looked again, — I thought them hearts
Of friends to friends unknown ;
Tides that should warm each neighboring life
Are locked in sparkling stone.

R. W. Emerson.

March 10.

March 11.

March 12.

— *March 13.* —

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words :
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds !

J. G. Whittier.

— *March 14.* —

Watch her kindly, stars :
From the sweet protecting skies,
Follow her with tender eyes,
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me :
Watch her kindly, stars !

Phæbe Cary.

— *March 15.* —

With antique air
Of nicest courtesy, his words did sue,
The while his tone commanded.

Bayard Taylor.

To clothe the fiery thought
In simple words succeeds,
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds.

R. W. Emerson.

March 13.

March 14.

John Adam Daniels' 63

March 15.

— *March 16.* —

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face
of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
thought into action. *H. W. Longfellow.*

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day. *Mrs. Celia Thaxter.*

— *March 17.* —

Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye
There was a brightness not of mirth,
A light whose clear intensity
Was borrowed not of earth.
J. G. Whittier.

When she spake her voice was like a dove's,
Soft, even-toned, and sinking in the heart.
Bayard Taylor.

— *March 18.* —

Peace to the just man's memory; let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
His calm benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but Heaven; and in the book of fame,
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed
flame. *W. C. Bryant.*

March 16.

March 17.

March 18.

— *March 19.* —

They never crowned him, never knew his worth,
But let him go unlaurelled to the grave:
Hereafter there are guerdons for the brave,
Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,
Balms for bruised hearts that languish in the dearth
Of human love.

T. B. Aldrich

— *March 20.* —

Yet it is a comfort to feel, through the whole,
They only look great, in God's calm eyes,
Who lean on the still, grand strength of the soul,
And climb toward the pure, high light of the skies.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

— *March 21.* —

Learn to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

Toil, when willing, groweth less;
"Always play" may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

Bayard Taylor.

March 19.

March 20.

March 21.

March 22.

The heart of God through his creation stirs ;
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again, — his messengers,
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our failing breath,
They shall not touch the spirit that survives -
Triumphant over doubt, and pain, and death.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

March 23.

She stood like Ruth amid the wheat,
With ready hand and sickle keen,
And looked on all with aspect sweet ;
And where she only thought to glean,
She found a harvest round her feet.

J. G. Holland.

March 24.

I'd like to be a daisy
In the clover,
That I might look up bravely
At my lover.

What should I do, I wonder,
When he went ?

Why, I would — like a daisy —
Be content.

Mrs. M. M. Dodge.

March 22.

March 23.

March 24.

— *March 25.* —

She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the centre ;
So that no influence of earth can stir
Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy peacefulness, which, night and day
Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

J. R. Lowell.

— *March 26.* —

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.
Dear to its heart is every loving token
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,
Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its labors ended and its story told.

O. W. Holmes.

— *March 27.* —

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men. *H. W. Longfellow.*

March 25.

March 26.

March 27.

— *March 28.* —

His name was spoken far and near,
And sounded sweet on every tongue;
Men knew him only to revere,
And those who knew him nearest, flung
Their hearts before his grand career,
And paved his way with loyal trust.

J. G. Holland.

— *March 29.* —

The way at times may dark and weary seem,
No ray of sunshine on our path may beam,
The dark clouds hover o'er us like a pall,
And gloom and sadness seem to compass all,
But still, with honest purpose, toil we on;
And if our steps be upright, straight, and true,
Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

Will Carleton.

— *March 30.* —

My birthday! "How many years ago?
Twenty or thirty?" Don't ask me!
"Forty or fifty?" How can I tell?
I do not remember my birth, you see!
But — how old am I? You must tell.
Just as old as I seem to you!
Nor shall I a day older be
While life remaineth and love is true!

Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

March 28.

March 29.

March 30.

March 31.

I hold
That 'twas the fitting season for thy birth,
When March, just ready to depart, begins
To soften into April. Then we have
The delicatest and most welcome flowers,
And yet they take least heed of bitter wind
And lowering sky.
Yet ever, when the sun looks forth again
The flowers smile up to him from their low seats.

W. C. Bryant.

March 31.





W. H. Mer.

A P R I L.

"MY name is April, sir; and I
Often laugh, as often cry;
And I cannot tell what makes me:
Only as the fit o'ertakes me
I must dimple, smile, and frown,
Laughing, though the tears roll down.
But 'tis nature, sir, not art;
And I'm happy at my heart."

Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson.

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds
And trumpet-fowing of the herds.

R. W. Emerson.

April 1.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring,
And reap the autumn ears.

J. G. Whittier.

The clover blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

H. W. Longfellow.

April 2.

Her mouth is a honey-blossom,
No doubt, as the poet sings;
But within her lips, the petals,
Lurks a cruel bee that stings.

W. D. Howells.

She never felt the poverty
Of souls less favored than her own.

Phæbe Cary.

April 3.

He met the men of many a land;
They gave their souls into his hand;

And none of them was long unknown;
The hardest lesson was his own.

Bayard Taylor.

We love in others what we lack ourselves,
And would be every thing but what we are.

R. H. Stoddard.

April 1.

April 2.

April 3.

— April 4. —

The honest choice of good or ill,
A heart of marble, prayer, and fire,
The strength to do, the power to will
From earth's reluctance, Heaven's desire,
And God's step upon the land
 (Grave and grand),
 Glad I stand,
And lift my eyes to see
The life He sends to me.

E. S. Phelps.

— April 5. —

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

J. G. Saxe.

— April 6. —

Thought must shade and sun the soul
With its glorious mutations;
Every life song is a whole,
Sweeter for its variations.
Wherefore with your bliss at strife?
'Twas an angel that withstood you.
Could you change your perfect life
For a dream of living, — would you?

Lucy Larcom.

April 4.

James Sullivan '83

April 5.

April 6.

— April 7. —

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living :
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

He sees with eyes of manly trust
All hearts to her inclining ;
Not less for him his household light
That others share its shining.

J. G. Whittier.

— April 8. —

A star that shines with flickering spark,
Thou dost not wane away,
But shed'st adown the purple dark
The fulness of thy ray :
A rose, whose odors freely part
At every zephyr's will,
Thou keep'st within thy folded heart
Its virgin sweetness still !

Bayard Taylor.

— April 9. —

Words measure life, and they measure its joy !
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years,
Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres,
So— sing with the beautiful birds, my boy !

J. G. Holland.

Through the ill
And discord round about you, keep
Your faith in human nature still.

J. G. Whittier.

April 7.

April 8.

April 9.

— *April 10.* —

— *April 11.* —

— *April 12.* —

— April 13. —

Through sorrow come glimpses of infinite gladness ;
Through grand discontent mounts the spirit of
youth ;

Loneliness foldeth a wonderful loving ;
The breakers of Doubt lead the great tide of Truth ;
And dread and grief-haunted the shadowy portal
That shuts from our vision the splendor immortal.

Mrs. M. M. Dodge.

— April 14. —

"She has no heart," they said, and turned away :
Then, stung so that I wished my words might be
Two-edged swords, I answered low : —

. "That woman's life, I know
Has been all famine. Mock now, if ye dare,
To hear her brave sad laughter in the air."

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

— April 15. —

Through every web of life the dark threads run.
Oh, why and whither? God knows all ;
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

J. G. Whittier.

— *April 13.* —

— *April 14.* —

— *April 15.* —

— April 19. —

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

W. C. Bryant.

— April 20. —

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath ;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife,
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life !

W. D. Howells.

— April 21. —

An infant prince, a baby king,
To whom his ministers relate
Some intricate affairs of state :
He hears and weighs the smallest thing.

R. H. Stoddard.

God's hand is on thee, O my child ; God's grace
Go with thee.

E. S. Phelps.

— *April 19.* —

— *April 20.* —

— *April 21.* —

— April 22. —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. Holmes.

— April 23. —

How wise he is ! He can talk in Greek !
There isn't a language he cannot speak.
The very measure the Psalmist sung
He carries at will on the tip of his tongue.
When he argues in English, why, every word
Is almost the biggest that ever you heard !
That is, when he talks with papa it's so, —
With me it's another affair, you know.

Mrs. M. M. Dodge.

— April 24. —

Elegance floats about thee like a dress,
Melting the airy motion of thy form
Into one swaying grace ; and loveliness,
Like a rich tint that makes a picture warm,
Is lurking in the chestnut of thy tress,
Enriching it, as moonlight after storm
Mingles dark shadows into gentleness.

N. P. Willis.

April 22.

April 23.

April 24.

— April 25. —

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

R. W. Emerson.

He would have wiped with smiles away
The tears from every face.

R. H. Stoddard.

— April 26. —

Time hath been kind to her,
And the years have brought her treasures
Of frankincense and myrrh,
Richer, perhaps, and rarer
Than Life's young roses were.

Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

Oh, well for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings infold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrows new and old!

R. W. Emerson.

— April 27. —

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!

H. W. Longfellow.

April 25.

April 26.

April 27.

April 28.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths by foot unpressed
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

W. C. Bryant.

April 29.

I know a man like that great cloud
As much as he can live,
And he gives his 'alms with thunder-cloud
Where there is no need to give.

And I know a woman who doth keep
Where praise comes not at all,
Like the modest cloud that could but weep
Because she was so small.

Alice Cary.

April 30.

To homely joys and loves and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly clung;
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weakness
Which, only to thyself unjust,
So overprized the worth of others,
And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust.

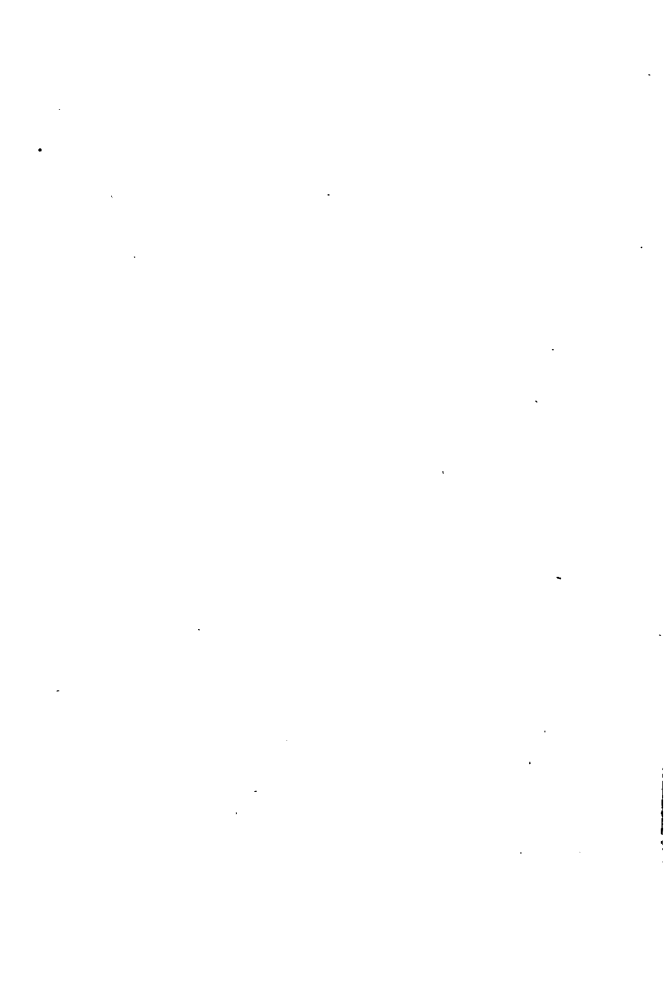
J. G. Whittier.

April 28.

April 29.

Arthur St. Wilde '65.

April 30.





W.D. Newells.

M A Y.

THE voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May ! Without an envy of her crown
And bridal ; patient stringing emeralds
And shining rubies for the brows of birch
And maple ; flinging garlands of pure white
And pink, which to their bloom add prophecy ;
Gold cups o'er-filling on a thousand hills,
And calling honey-bees ; out of their sleep
The tiny summer harpers with bright wings
Awaking, teaching them their notes for noon ; —
Oh May, sweet-voiced one, going thus before,
For ever June may pour her warm red wine
Of life and passion, — sweeter days are thine !

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

— *May 1.* —

Sorrows are everywhere,
Joys — all too few !
Have we not had our share
Of pleasure too ?
No Past the glad heart cowers,
No memories dark ;
Only the sunny hours
The dial mark.

E. C. Stedman.

— *May 2.* —

Boldness and firmness, these are virtues each ;
Noble in action ; excellent in speech.
But who is bold without considerate skill,
Rashly rebels, and has no law but will ;
While he called firm, illiterate, and crass,
With mulish stubbornness obstructs the pass.

J. B. O'Reilly.

— *May 3.* —

“Thou art poor, art thou ? Yet thou lovest me !”
Her pale face flushed with a burning red :
“Well, Maud is poor, and she loveth thee ;
So now we are rich, are we not ?” she said,
And faltered, all trembling with love confessed ;
And I, with knowing I was so dear,
Trembled, but gathered my rose to my breast ;
And Love was answered, and Life was clear.

Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson.

— *May 1.* —

— *May 2.* —

— *May 3.* —

— May 4. —

I would be quiet, Lord,
Nor tease nor fret;
Not one small need of mine
Wilt thou forget.

What I most crave, perchance
Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hands unmeet
Keep pearls, or gold.

Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

— May 5. —

"Every Rose, you sang, has its Thorn,
But this has none, I know."
She clasped my rival's Rose
Over her breast of snow.

I bowed to hide my pain,
With a man's unskilful art;
I moved my lips, and could not say
The Thorn was in my heart!

W. D. Howells.

— May 6. —

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. Holland.

Give and receive; go forth and bless
The world that needs the hand and heart
Of Martha's helpful carefulness,
No less than Mary's better part.

J. G. Whittier.

May 4.

May 5.

May 6.

May 13.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

J. G. Holland.

May 14.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day:
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

Heart! yield thee up thy fruitless quest
Beneath the apple-tree:
Youth comes but once, love only once,
And May but once to thee!

E. S. Phelps.

May 15.

A woman, in her woman's sphere,
A loyal wife and worshipper,
She only thirsted to appear
As fair to him, as he to her,
And fairer still, from year to year.

J. G. Holland.

May 13.

May 14.

May 15.

— *May 16.* —

Benevolence befits the wisest mind ;
But he who has not studied to be kind,
Who grants for asking, gives without a rule,
Hurts whom he helps, and proves himself a fool.

J. B. O'Reilly.

His heart, through life's conflict and peril,
Has kept its first truth
And the dreams of its youth.

Phæbe Cary.

— *May 17.* —

Oh, the years I lost before I knew you,
Love !
Oh, the hills I climbed and came not to you,
Love !
Ah ! who shall render unto us to make
Us glad,
The things which for and of each other's sake
We might have had ?

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

— *May 18.* —

What if the battle end and thou hast lost ?
Others have lost the battle thou hast won ;
Haste thee, bind thy wounds, nor count the cost ;
Over the field will rise to-morrow's sun.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

E. C. Stedman.

May 16.

May 17.

May 18.

Steen Nielsen '80

— *May 19.* —

Thine was the seed-time ; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown ;
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

J. G. Whittier.

O honest face which all men knew !
O tender heart but known to few !

R. H. Stoddard.

— *May 20.* —

He had a way of saying things
That made one think of counts and kings,
And lords and ladies of high degree ;
So that not having been at court
Seemed something very little short
Of treason or lese-majesty,
Such an accomplished knight was he.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *May 21.* —

Thank God there is always a light whence to bor-
row,
When darkness is darkest, and sorrow most sor-
row !

Alice Cary.

I had met kindness by the way,
I had, at last, encountered good !

Joaquin Miller.

May 19.

May 20.

May 21.

— *May 22.* —

Too pure thy lips for passion's kiss ;
Too fair thy cheek love's rose to be :
The brightest dream of Beauty's bliss
Is dark beside the dream of thee.
Thine eyes were lit from other skies ;
Thy limbs are made of purer clay ;
And wandering airs of Paradise
Before thee breathe the mists away.

Bayard Taylor.

— *May 23.* —

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it !
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather.
You will soon forget to moan,
“ Ah ! the cheerless weather ! ”

Lucy Larcom.

— *May 24.* —

The wise man is sincere ; but he who tries
To be sincere, hap-hazard, is not wise.

Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know, must love to learn.

J. B. O'Reilly.

May 22.

May 23.

May 24.

— May 25. —

No king so gentle and so wise.
He calls no man his subject ; but his eyes,
In midst of benediction, questioning,
Each soul compel.

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

Doors hast thou opened for us, thinker, seer,
Bars let down into pastures measureless ;
The air we breathe to-day, through thee, is freer
Than, buoyant with its freshness, we can guess.

Lucy Larcom.

— May 26. —

O power to do ! O baffled will !
O prayer and action ! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done.

J. G. Whittier.

— May 27. —

No grievous cost in any thing I see,
That brings thee bliss, or only keeps thee, still,
In painless peace. So Heaven but thy cup fill,
Be empty mine unto eternity !

R. W. Gilder.

What heart in all the city is not thine ?
The heart that is not thine no longer beats.

R. H. Stoddard.

May 25.

May 26.

May 27.

— *May 28.* —

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *May 29.* —

As fair and frail,
As May's first lily in a Northern vale.

Bayard Taylor.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries.

J. G. Holland.

— *May 30.* —

And deepest feeling hides about the mouth;
His soul-wind blows not always from the North,
But sometimes also from the gentle South,
And then, like flowers, the tender words steal forth.

C. F. Bates.

Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

J. G. Whittier.

May 28.

May 29.

May 30.

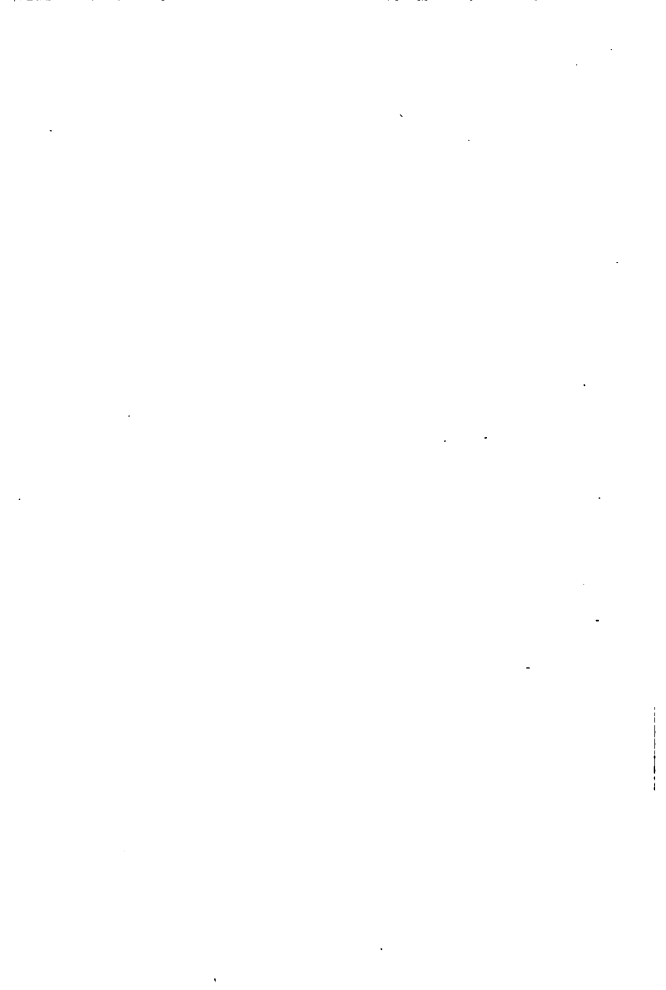
— *May 31.* —

He lives wherever men to men
In perilous hours his words repeat;
Where clangs the forge, where glides the pen,
Where toil and traffic crowd the street;
And in whatever time or place
Earth's purest souls their purpose strengthen,
Down the broad pathway of the race
The shadow of his name shall lengthen.

E. C. Stedman.

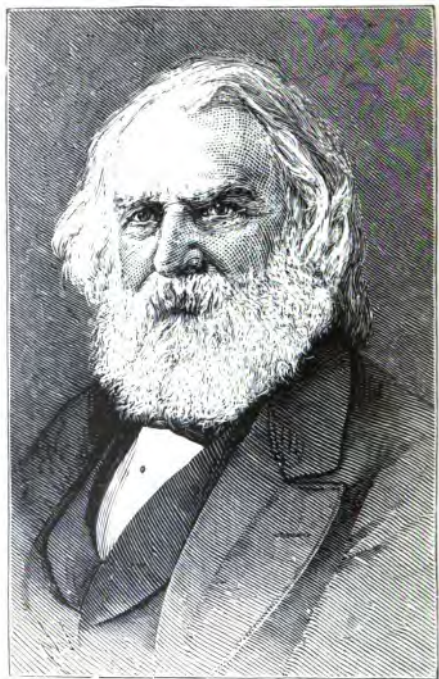
May 31.











Henry W. Longfellow.

JUNE.



'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

J. R. Lowell.

The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save *June! Dear June! Now God be praised for
June!*

J. R. Lowell.

June 1.

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit.

H. W. Longfellow.

June 2.

Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield, —
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnished, and a withered heart.

W. C. Bryant.

June 3.

Yet in her splendid strength, her eyes,
There lay the lightning of the skies.

A pent-up soul that sometimes grew
Impatient; why, she hardly knew.

Joaquin Miller.

The treasure sent
By God must not be idly spent.

Bayard Taylor.

June 1.

June 2.

June 3.

— June 4. —

A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.

J. G. Whittier.

— June 5. —

Yes, there's a luck in most things, and in none
More than in being born at the right time ;
It boots not what the labor to be done,
Or feats of arms, or art, or building rhyme.
Not that the heavens the little can make great,
But many a man has lived an age too late.

R. H. Stoddard.

— June 6. —

Little birds sit on the telegraph-wires,
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings ;
Little things light on the lines of our lives, —
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day ;
And we think for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet from end to end His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

June 4.

June 5.

June 6.

June 7.

He has a smile or kindly speech
Alike for rich and poor.
His mission is to help and bless.

J. T. Trowbridge.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

H. W. Longfellow.

June 8.

Around his lips the subtle life that plays
Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase ;
A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,
Pleasant when pleased ; rough-handled not so safe.

O. W. Holmes.

With the joy of a lowly heart's content,
I can feel my glad eyes glisten.

Lucy Larcom.

June 9.

Beauty chased he everywhere,
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
He heard a voice none else could hear
From centred and from errant sphere.
He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread.

R. W. Emerson.

June 7.

June 8.

June 9.

— June 10. —

Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not beautiful in curve and line,
But something more and better,
The secret charm eluding art,
Its spirit, not its letter.

J. G. Whittier.

— June 11. —

By studying my lady's eyes
I've grown so learned day by day,
So Machiavelian in this wise
That when I send her flowers I say:
"Be not triumphant, little flower,
When on her haughty heart you lie,
But modestly enjoy your hour:
She'll weary of you by and by."

T. B. Aldrich.

— June 12. —

He sang thy praise, O "June"! and well mayst
thou
Bring all thy beauty to his coming now.
Well mayst thou give the welcome of a queen
To this calm guest, who, silent and serene,
Comes in "unfaltering trust" sustained, content
To make my couch yet more magnificent.

Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson.

June 10.

June 11.

Winthrop Cole '83

June 12.

— June 13. —

Whom I crown with love is royal ;
Matters not her blood or birth ;
She is queen, and I am loyal
To the noblest of the earth.

Neither place, nor wealth, nor title,
Lacks the man my friendship owns ;
His distinction, true and vital,
Shines supreme o'er crowns and thrones.

J. G. Holland.

— June 14. —

Each human heart must bear alone its cross !

No star shines brighter than the kingly man,
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies ;
And the white banner of his manhood bears,
Through all the years uplifted to the skies !

Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

— June 15. —

No better parentage have you, —
One is our Father, one our Friend ;
The same inheritance awaits
Our claiming, at the journey's end.

Life may to you bring every good,
Which from a Father's hand can fall ;
But if true lips have said to me,
" I love you," I have known it all !

Phæbe Cary.

June 13.

Geo. P. Knapp. '89

June 14.

June 15.

June 16.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

H. W. Longfellow.

June 17.

A beauty that bewilders like a spell
Reigns in thine eye's clear hazel, and thy brow,
So pure in veined transparency, doth tell
How spiritually beautiful art thou, —
A temple where angelic love might dwell.

N. P. Willis.

For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

H. W. Longfellow.

June 18.

Think not that he is cold
Who runneth not your proffered hand to touch :
On feeling's heights 'tis wise the step to hold
From trembling overmuch ;
And though its household sweets
Affection may through daily channels give,
The heart is chary, and ecstatic beats
Once only while we live.

Alice Cary.

June 16.

June 17.

June 18.

France Everett Sawyer '83

June 19.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

J. R. Lowell.

June 20.

I wonder what thy life will be,
Thou dear, and charming child.
.
.
.
.
Rude and rough and sad perhaps;
Anxious and full of toil;
But I think no sorrow or hardship
Thine inner peace can spoil.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

June 21.

And yet for thee why breathe a prayer?
I deem thy fate is given in trust
To seraphs, who by daily care
Would prove that Heaven is not unjust.

Mrs. M. G. Brooks.

Souls themselves sustaining
Have still a friend remaining.

R. H. Stoddard.

June 19.

June 20.

June 21.

June 22.

How beautiful she was! Why, she
Was inspiration. She was born
To walk God's summer-hills at morn,
Nor waste her by a wood-dark sea.
What wonder, then, her soul's white wings
Beat at the bars, like living things?

Joaquin Miller.

June 23.

The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then all of a sudden — it snows.
Dear heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know Winter is gone — by the flowers,
We only know Winter is come — by the snow.

T. B. Aldrich.

June 24.

What if the days are dreary?
What if the desert glows
Beneath life's bitter sun-beat?
What if the wild wind blows
Out of the North-Land stormy?
What if Earth wears no smile?
A gate will open outward
In such a little while!

E. L. Beers.

June 22.

June 23.

June 24.

— June 25. —

From farthest distance high a clear voice rang,
“Ashes and dust shall blossom like the rose !
Climb thou above the tempests,” sweet it sang,
“Patience ! ‘On every height there lies repose.’ ”

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

Men hearkened to her words,
And wondered at their wisdom and obeyed,
And saw how beautiful the law of love
Can make the cares and toils of daily life.

W. C. Bryant.

— June 26. —

As torrents in summer, half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling far off at their fountains ;
So hearts that are fainting grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains far off has been rain-
ing !

H. W. Longfellow.

— June 27. —

Cloudless for ever is her brow serene,
Speaking calm hope and trust within her, whence
Welleth a noiseless spring of patience,
That keepeth all her life so fresh, so green
And full of holiness, that every look,
The greatness of her woman's soul revealing,
Unto me bringeth blessing, and a feeling
As when I read in God's own holy book.

J. R. Lowell.

June 25.

June 26.

June 27.

— June 28. —

Old friend, kind friend ! lightly down
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown !
Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness ;
Care, that kills the cat, may plough
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
Let the fiend pass ! — what can he
Find to do with such as thee ?

J. G. Whittier.

— June 29. —

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets ;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Alice Cary.

— June 30. —

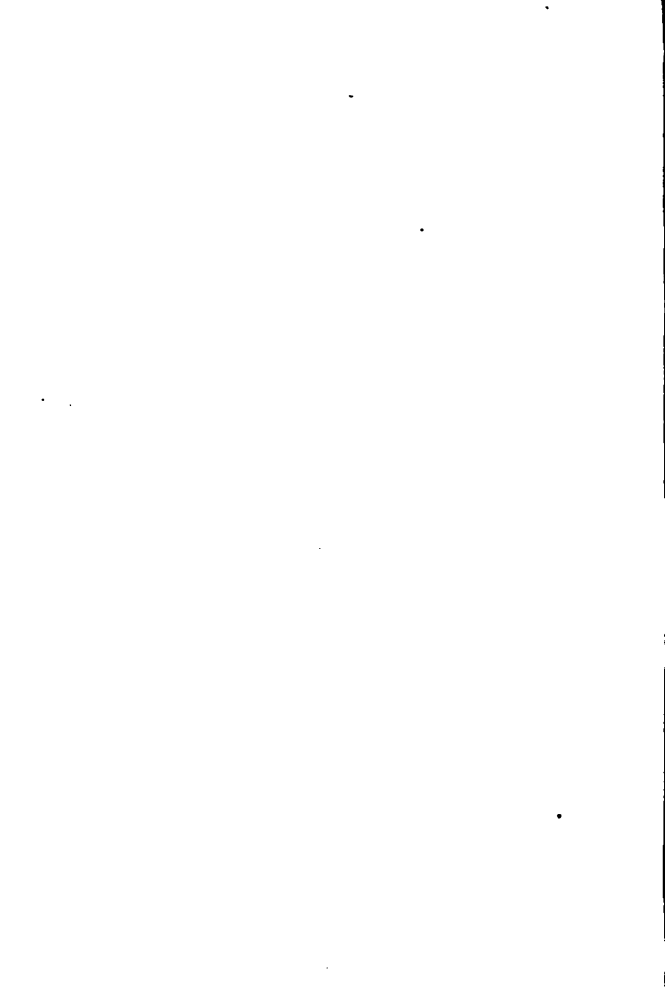
The glory of the human form
Is but a perishing thing, and Love will droop
When its brief grace hath faded ; but the mind
Perisheth not, and when the outward charm
Hath had its brief existence, it awakes,
And is the lovelier that it slept so long, —
Like wells that by the wasting of their flow
Have had their deeper fountains broken up.

N. P. Willis.

June 28.

June 29.

June 30.







J. H. Lawrence

JULY.

THERE! sweep these foolish leaves away,
I will not crush my brains to-day!
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Who knows it not, — this dead recoil
Of weary fibres stretched with toil, —
The pulse that flutters faint and low
When Summer's seething breezes blow?

O Nature, bare thy loving breast,
And give thy child one hour of rest, —
One little hour to lie unseen
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtained by a singing pine,
Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,
Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay
In sweeter music dies away.

O. W. Holmes.

— *July 1.* —

On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath one perfect flower.

Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes, —
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower.

R. W. Gilder.

— *July 2.* —

Oh, wherefore sigh for what is gone,
Or deem the future all a night?
From darkness through the rosy dawn
The stars go singing into light.

And to the pilgrim lone and gray,
One thought shall come to cheer his breast : —
The evening sun but fades away
To find new morning in the west.

T. B. Read.

— *July 3.* —

A calm more awful is than storm.
Beware of calms in any form.
This life means action.

Joaquin Miller.

Her part
Had not been words but deeds.

Joaquin Miller.

July 1.

July 2.

July 3.

— July 4. —

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee !

H. W. Longfellow.

We need not die to go to God.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

— July 5. —

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message
came ;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

O. W. Holmes.

I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

J. G. Whittier.

— July 6. —

Hast thou unto thy higher self been true,
The godhead in thee ever kept in sight ?
The lower rightly using didst thou view
But as a stepping-stone to some sublimer height ?

Joshua Kendall.

Because you cannot pluck the flower,
You pass the sweet scent by ;
Because you cannot have the stars,
You will not see the sky.

E. S. Phelps.

July 4.

July 5.

July 6.

July 7.

She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key ;
We could not teach her holy things :
She was Christ's self in purity

T. B. Aldrich.

July 8.

I have my cares. In every lot
We find their faces sad ;
But when I count those I have not
My very heart grows glad.

O God ! I thank Thee that I may
Such cares trust all to Thee,
Who watches all Thy hand has made
As tireless as eternity.

E. L. Beers.

July 9.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you and the world is wide ;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to
break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake ?

Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak ?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

Mrs. L. C. Moulton.

July 7.

July 8.

July 9.

— *July 10.* —

“Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long”
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score ;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

J. Q. Adams.

— *July 11.* —

Nerved to a stern resolve, fulfil thy lot —
Reveal the secrets nature has unveiled thee ;
All higher gifts by toil intense are bought —
Has thy firm will in action ever failed thee ?
Only on distant summits fame is sought —
Sorrow and gloom thy nature has entailed thee,
But bright thy present joys, and brighter far
The hope that draws thee like a heavenly star.

J. G. Percival.

— *July 12.* —

I think of thee ; that eye of flame,
Those tresses, falling bright and free,
That brow, where “Beauty writes her name,”
I think of thee — I think of thee.

G. D. Prentice.

A little bud of loveliness
That never should grow older.

R. H. Stoddard.

July 10.

July 11.

July 12.

— *July 13.* —

The bell hath tolled ! my birth-hour is upon me !
The hour that made me child, has made me man,
And bids me put all childish things away.

A. C. Cox.

His was a spirit that to all Thy poor
Was kind as slumber after pain.

J. R. Lowell.

— *July 14.* —

She that is fair, though never vain or proud,
More fond of home than fashion's changing crowd ;
Whose taste refined even female friends admire,
Dressed not for show, but robed in neat attire ;
She who has learned, with mild forgiving breast,
To pardon frailties, hidden or confessed ;

She wins our hearts, toward her our thoughts in-
cline.

J. T. Fields.

— *July 15.* —

Some scentless flowers stand straight and high,
With pride and haughtiness ;
But violets perfume land and sky,
Although they promise less.
Let me with all humility,
Do more than I profess.

J. F. Clarke.

July 13.

July 14.

July 15.

July 16.

I am not old — though years have cast
Their shadows on my way ;
I am not old — though youth has passed
On rapid wings away.
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose ;
And sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

Park Benjamin.

July 17.

Strange ! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea ;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet;
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

O. W. Holmes.

July 18.

Maiden ! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dust in evening skies !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gather, then, each flower that grows.

H. W. Longfellow.

July 16.

July 17.

July 18.

July 22.

Far better than kingly fortunes,
Is the wealth that thou dost hold —
A nature perfectly balanced,
A beauty of heart untold.

Thou wilt open the door of patience,
When sorrow shall come and knock;
But to every evil, unworthy thing,
Wilt thou the gates fast lock.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

July 23.

Oh, fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies,
At the same torch that lighted mine;
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
A sympathy divine.

R. W. Emerson.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own.

R. W. Emerson.

July 24.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time; —

Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

H. W. Longfellow.

July 22.

July 23.

July 24.

— *July 25.* —

Life grows better every day,
If we live in deed and truth ;
So I am not used to grieve
For the vanished joys of youth.

For though early hopes may die,
Early dreams be rudely crossed ;
Of the past we still can keep
Treasures more than we have lost.

Phæbe Cary.

— *July 26.* —

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by !
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to
know.

J. G. Whittier.

— *July 27.* —

All the world lies wide before you,
Where to choose the wrong or right ;
And no future shall restore you
What you seize not now with might.

Let each act be the sure token
Of the nobler life ahead : —
Let each thought in truth be spoken,
Though the utterance strike you dead.

T. B. Read.

July 25.

July 26.

July 27.

— *July 28.* —

Great men are few and stand apart;
And seem divinest when remote.

And when we meet them, face to face,
And hand to hand their greatness greet,

Our steps we willingly retrace,
And gather humbly at their feet,
With those who live upon their grace.

J. G. Holland.

— *July 29.* —

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering
all things,
Fair was she and young, but alas !
Something there was in her life incomplete, imper-
fect, unfinished.

*H. W. Longfellow.**

By him the deepest rest is won
Who toils beneath the noonday sun,
Faithful until his work is done.

Phæbe Cary.

— *July 30.* —

Quick to perceive, in him no freedom rude
Reproved full confidence : friendship, the meat
His soul had starved without, with gratitude
Was taken.

Mrs. M. G. Brooks.

God keep thine heart from growing old
Now and for ever !

E. L. Beers.

July 28.

July 29.

Marion E. Tickerson

July 30.

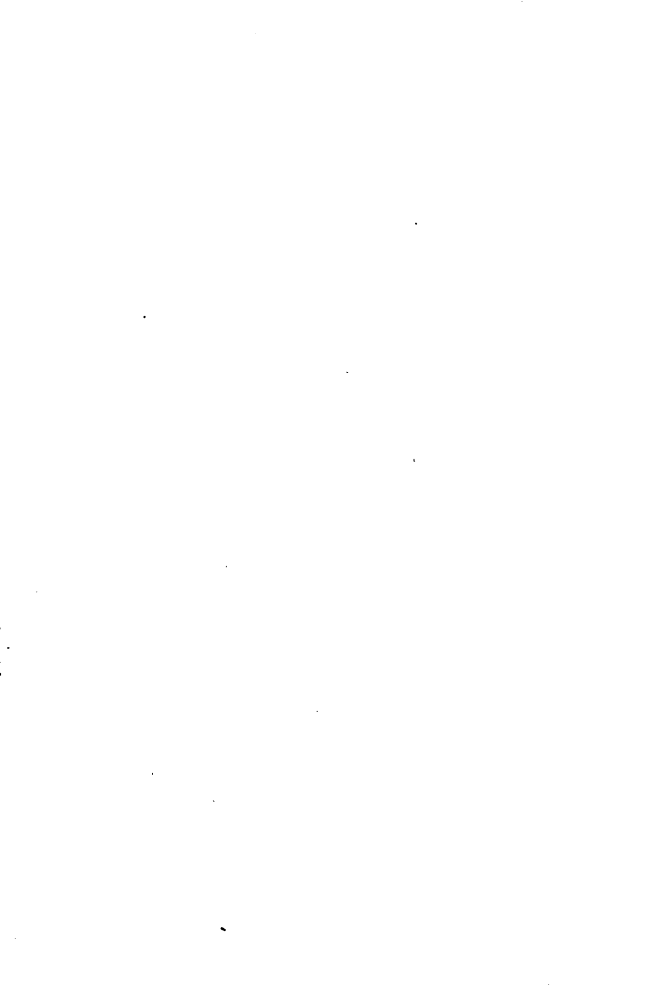
— *July 31.* —

And oh ! when others take our place,
And Earth's green curtain hides our face,
Ere on the stage, so silent now,
The last new hero makes his bow :
So may our deeds, recalled once more
In Memory's sweet but brief encore,
Down all the circling ages run,
With the world's plaudit of " Well done ! "

Bret Harte.

July 31.











Edgar A. Poe.

AUGUST.

ALL the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster-flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit.
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat,
Flutter, at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves,
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of Summer dead.

W. D. Howells.

August 1.

Thou would'st be loved? then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not :
Being every thing which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love — a simple duty.

E. A. Poe.

August 2.

As fair as flowers in her hair,
As sweet as flowers over-sweet,
As fair as wood-nymph, more than fair.

How human, yet how more than good.

Joaquin Miller.

So standeth he 'mid men, supremely wise,
Strong and uplifted, yet aware of all
That Nature hides from common mortal eyes.

Mrs. R. T. Cooke.

August 3.

Dear little face, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where He meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid !

Most like a heavy-folded rose thou art,
In summer air reposing, warm and still.
Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart ;
I watch thy slumber ; naught shall do thee ill.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

August 1.

August 2.

August 3.

August 4.

Men can be great when great occasions call :
In little duties women find their spheres,
The narrow cares that cluster round the hearth ;
But this dear woman wipes a woman's tears,
And wears the crown of womanhood for all.

R. H. Stoddard.

August 5.

Ah ! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons, —
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

J. R. Lowell.

August 6.

For out of her life goes a breath of bliss,
And a sunlike charm from her cheerful eye,
That the cloud and the loitering breeze would miss ;
A balm that refreshes the passer-by.

There are ends more worthy than happiness :
Who seeks it, is digging joy's grave, we know.
The blessed are they who but live to bless ;
She found out that mystery, long ago.

Lucy Larcom.

August 4.

August 5.

August 6.

— August 7. —

Your heart is a music-box, dearest !
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand ;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break ;
Then oh ! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake !

Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

— August 8. —

I was born for rejoicing ; a "summer child " truly ;
And kindred I claim with each wild joyous
thing, —
The light frolic breeze, or the streamlet unruly,
Or a cloud at its play, or a bird on the wing.

Mrs. E. F. Ellet.

My heart is very gladsome ;
But there's a corner deep,
Where many a shadow nestles,
And future sorrows sleep.

Mrs. E. C. Judson.

— August 9. —

Though the world smile on you blandly,
Let your friends be choice and few :
Choose your course, pursue it grandly,
And achieve what you pursue.

T. B. Read.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act, — act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

H. W. Longfellow.

— *August 7.* —

— *August 8.* —

— *August 9.* —

August 10.

And she has reached that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page ;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart is thrown,
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

Mrs. A. B. Welby.

August 11.

A wayward child, on whom hath smiled
The light of heavenly love ;
A pilgrim with a vision dim
Of something far above ;

I live for all who on me call,
And yet I live for one ;
My song must be sweet to all I meet,
And yet I sing to none.

Mrs. J. W. Howe.

August 12.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

J. G. Whittier.

— *August 10.* —

— *August 11.* —

— *August 12.* —

— *August 13.* —

Faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness ;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the springtime freshness of youth again,
All troubles will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow, a breath on the pane.
J. T. Trowbridge.

— *August 14.* —

What is excellent
As God lives is permanent ;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain ;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker ; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
R. W. Emerson.

— *August 15.* —

Not every head can wear the crown,
That the hands of love bestow.
Phæbe Cary.
She cannot look down to her lover : her love like
her soul aspires ;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who
would kindle its holy fires.
Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

— *August 13.* —

— *August 14.* —

— *August 15.* —

— *August 16.* —

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *August 17.* —

Oh, she looked into my spirit, as the stars look in
the stream,
Or as azure eyes of angels calm the trouble of a
dream.

T. B. Read.

Close as you will your eyes divine,
Still through their lids I feel them shine.

R. H. Stoddard.

— *August 18.* —

Serve and wait, for when beyond us
Lives float off to yonder shore,
Never word or loving service
Can we render evermore.

E. L. Beers.

When I meet a human face,
Lit for me with light divine,
I recall all loving eyes,
That have ever answered mine.

Phæbe Cary.

August 16.

August 17.

August 18.

— August 19. —

Then cease your sighs, sir :
No man's a prize, sir,
In any woman's sight, just let me say,
Who's not too high, sir,
To sigh and die, sir,
For any woman's love, day after day..

Nora Perry.

— August 20. —

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part ;
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Phæbe Cary.

All skies are fair
To trusting hearts, when once their truth is tried.

Bayard Taylor.

— August 21. —

Thine was the seed-time ; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown ;
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
That seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

J. G. Whittier.

August 19.

August 20.

August 21.

— *August 22.* —

I take
My little gift of being clean from God,
Not haggling for a better, holding it
Good as was ever any in the world,
My days as good and full of miracle.
I pluck my nutriment from any bush,
Finding out poison as the first men did .
By tasting and then suffering, if I must.

J. R. Lowell.

— *August 23.* —

From the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love and hope, and forgiveness
and patience !

H. W. Longfellow.

One there is that looketh down to me
Less like a face than like a star, for when
With closed eyes, I would think what it is like,
I only can remember that it shines.

E. S. Phelps.

— *August 24.* —

. . . Looking back upon my past
Wronged with so many a wasted hour,
I think that I should fear to cast
My fortunes if I had the power.

And think that he is mainly wise,
Who takes what comes of good or ill,
Trusting that wisdom underlies
And worketh in the end — His will.

Alice Cary.

August 22.

August 23.

August 24.

— *August 25.* —

White with the starlight folded in its wings
And nestling timidly against your love,
At this soft time of hushed and glimmering things,
You call my soul a dove, a snowy dove.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

Help me to look behind, before,
To make my past and future form
A bow of promise, meeting o'er
The darkness of my day of storm.

Phæbe Cary.

— *August 26.* —

There lies
A talisman in intellect which yields
Celestial music, when the master hand
Touches it cunningly: and when the form
Witches the sense no more, and human love
Falters in its idolatry, this spell
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on
Stealing anew the affections.

N. P. Willis.

— *August 27.* —

We launch our boat upon the sparkling sea,
We dip our rhythmic oars with song and cheer;
Before our dancing prow the shadows flee,
Behind us fast the fair coasts disappear.

Flushed with our hope the unknown future gleams,
Freighted with blissful dreams our barque floats
And life a shining path of victory seems, [on,
Crowned with a golden peace when day is done.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

August 25.

August 26.

August 27.

August 28.

The dear God hears and pities all ;
He knoweth all our wants :
And what we blindly ask of him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one ;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, " Thy will be done."

J. G. Whittier.

August 29.

Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks and toys ;
In earth's wide schoolhouse all are girls and boys.

O. W. Holmes.

For, still as comes the festal day,
In many a temple, far and near,
The words that all have longed to say,
The words that all are proud to hear,
Fall from his lips with conquering sway,
Or grave or gay

William Winter.

August 30.

The sun set, but set not his hope :
Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up :
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye ;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat.

R. W. Emerson.

August 28.

August 29.

August 30.

— *August 31.* —

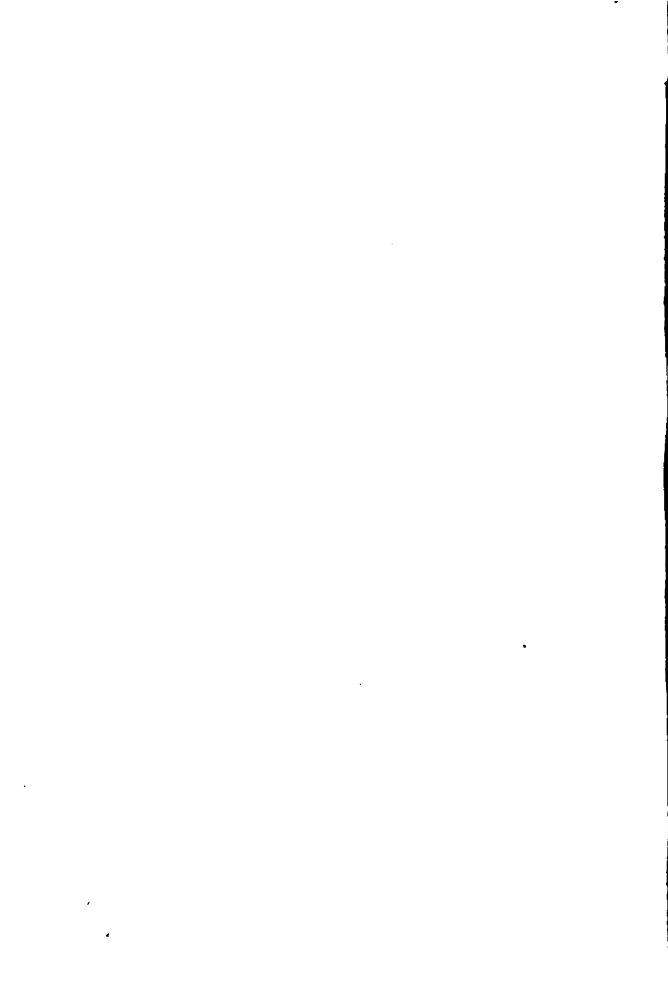
Diviner air
Of beauty, and a grace more free,
More soft and solemn depths I see
In every woman's face, since
He has called me fair.

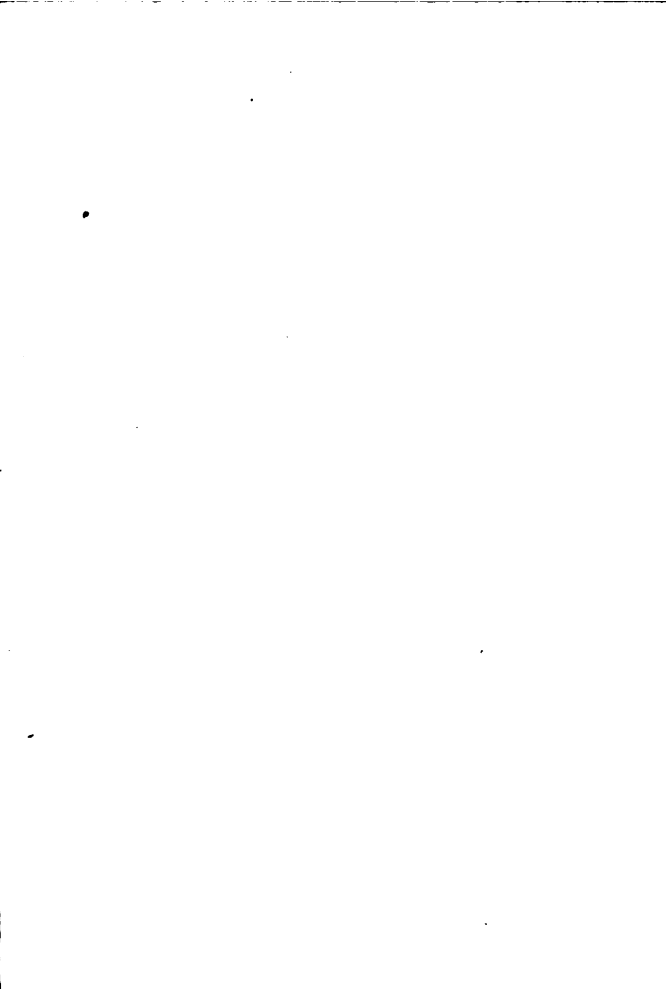
Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

Souls who might flood the world with new delight
Keep sealed the deepest fountains of the heart.

T. B. Read.

— *August 31.* —







Edmund Clarence Roman -

SEPTEMBER.

TRANCED in a liquid calm September lies,
Her bosom heaves with breathings soft and low;
The palpitating air in heart-warm stillness dies,
And brooding peace is over all below.

Elaine Goodale.

Oh what a glory does this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *September 1.* —

With the love of a holier world than this
Her innocent heart seemed warm ;
While the glad young spirit looked out with bliss
From its shrine in her sylph-like form.

Her soul seemed spreading the scene to span
That opened before her view ;
And longing for power to look the plan
Of the universe fairly through.

H. F. Gould.

— *September 2.* —

No dreamer thou, but real all, —
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth ;
Life made by duty epical
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And green-leafed in the Eternal field
Of God, for ever live.

J. G. Whittier.

— *September 3.* —

As the rivers farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth ;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth, —
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace ;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race.

Mrs. S. J. Hale.

September 1.

September 2.

September 3.

September 4.

He who would gain
A fond, full heart — in love's soft surgery skilled,
Should seek it when 'tis sore ; allay its pain
With balm by pity prest : 'tis all his own so healed.

Mrs. M. G. Brooks.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : " It might have been ! "

J. G. Whittier.

September 5.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain ;
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.

H. W. Longfellow.

September 6.

Oh, what a face was hers to brighten light,
And give back sunshine with an added glow,
To wile each moment with a fresh delight,
And part of memory's best contentment grow !
Oh, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,
And make it sweet and ready to become
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home.

J. R. Lowell.

September 4.

September 5.

Julian W. Cole '83.

September 6.

— *September 7.* —

To thee was known
Alike the language of the fragile flower
And of the burning stars. God taught it thee.

And the young child who takes thee by the hand
Shall travel with a surer step to heaven.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth.

J. R. Lowell.

— *September 8.* —

So passed her life, a long and blameless life,
And far and near her name was named with love
And reverence. Still she kept, as age came on,
Her stately presence ; still her eyes looked forth
From under their calm brows as brightly clear
As the transparent wells by which she sat
So oft in childhood. Still she kept her fair
Unwrinkled features, though her locks were white.

W. C. Bryant.

— *September 9.* —

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him.

J. G. Holland.

September 7.

September 8.

September 9.

— *September 10.* —

What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.
The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

— *September 11.* —

Love took her by the willing hand, —
And oft she kissed the smiling boy;
He led her through his native land,
The innocent fields of joy.

T. B. Read.

And when in merry laughter
Her sweet clear voice was heard,
It welled from out her happy heart
Like carol of a bird.

Mrs. S. J. Hale.

— *September 12.* —

Nay, lady, one frown is enough
In a life as soon over as this —
And though minutes seem long in a huff,
They're minutes 'tis pity to miss!
The smiles you imprison so lightly
Are reckoned, like days in eclipse;
And though you may smile again brightly,
You've lost so much light from your lips!
Pray, lady, smile!

N. P. Willis.

September 10.

September 11.

September 12.

— *September 16.* —

I ask not wealth, but power to take-
And use the things I have aright ;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not, that for me, the plan
Of good and ill be set aside ;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

Phæbe Cary.

— *September 17.* —

I have looked on a face that has looked in my heart,
As deep as the moon*ever fathoms a wave ;
As uncomprehended it came to depart,
While a sense of its glory was all that it gave.

But her light in my heart, which no time can
eclipse
Seems to brighten and smile in the joy it confers ;
And a voice which is shed from aerial lips
Breathes a music I know which can only be hers !

T. B. Read.

— *September 18.* —

More true and sure
Each man's heart seems, more firm for right ;
Each man I hold more strong in fight,
Since he stands ever in my sight,
So brave, so pure.

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

September 16.

September 17.

September 18.

— *September 19.* —

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

— *September 20.* —

For the Power to whom we bow
Has given its pledge that, if not now,
They of pure and steadfast mind,
By faith exalted, truth refined,
Shall hear all music loud and clear,
Whose first notes they ventured here.

Countess M. F. d'Ossoli.

— *September 21.* —

A most spiritual air
Her whole form invested,
As if God did love her,
And his smile still rested
On her white robe and flesh,
So innocent and fresh —
Touching where'er it fell
With a glory visible.

S. S. Jacobs.

September 19.

September 20.

September 21.

— *September 22.* —

A mien that neither seeks nor shuns
The homage scattered in her way ;
A love that hath few favored ones,
And yet for all can work and pray ;
An eye like to a mystic book
Of lays that bard or prophet sings,
Which keepeth for the holiest look
Of holiest love, its deepest things.

Mrs. J. W. Howe.

— *September 23.* —

Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.
Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst
guess
That, even though silent, I have not the less
Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped for thee.

J. G. Whittier.

— *September 24.* —

You walked the sunny side of fate ;
The wise world smiles and calls you great ;
The golden fruitage of success
Drops at your feet in plenteousness :
And you have blessings manifold, —
Renown and power, and friends and gold.

Mrs. E. A. Allen.

September 22.

September 23.

September 24.

September 25.

Her plain, simple name,
Meant nothing at all until after you
Had seen her face, her presence, and then
From that day forth it had form, and meant
The fairest thing under the firmament.

Joaquin Miller.

September 26.

Still has my chief work been
Rather to make me clean,
As he must be that will
Go forth 'mid thronging men
And stretch his forward ken
Onward and upward still.

Robert Lowell.

September 27.

So all who walk steep ways, in grief and night,
Where every step is full of toil and pain,
May see when they have gained the sharpest height,
It has not been in vain,
Since they have left behind the noise and heat ;
And, though their eyes drop tears, their sight is
clear :
The air is purer, and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heaven more near.

Mrs. E. A. Allen.

September 25.

September 26.

September 27.

September 28.

Hating the crowd, where we gregarious men
Lead lonely lives, I love society,
Nor seldom find the best with simple souls
Unswerved by culture from their native bent,
The ground we meet on being primal man,
And nearer the deep bases of our lives.

J. R. Lowell.

September 29.

'Tis not the little milk-white hands
That grace whatever work they do;
'Tis not the braided silken bands
That shade the eyes of tender blue;
And not the voice so low and sweet
That holds me captive to her feet.

She was not wooed, nor was I won.
What draws the dew-drop to the sun?

Alice Cary.

September 30.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

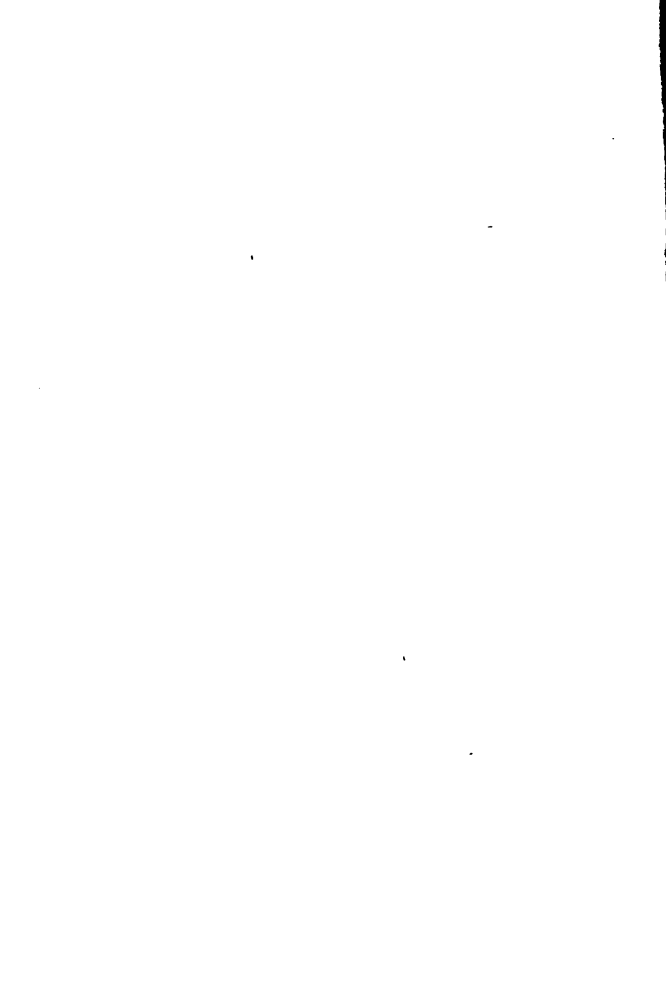
In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

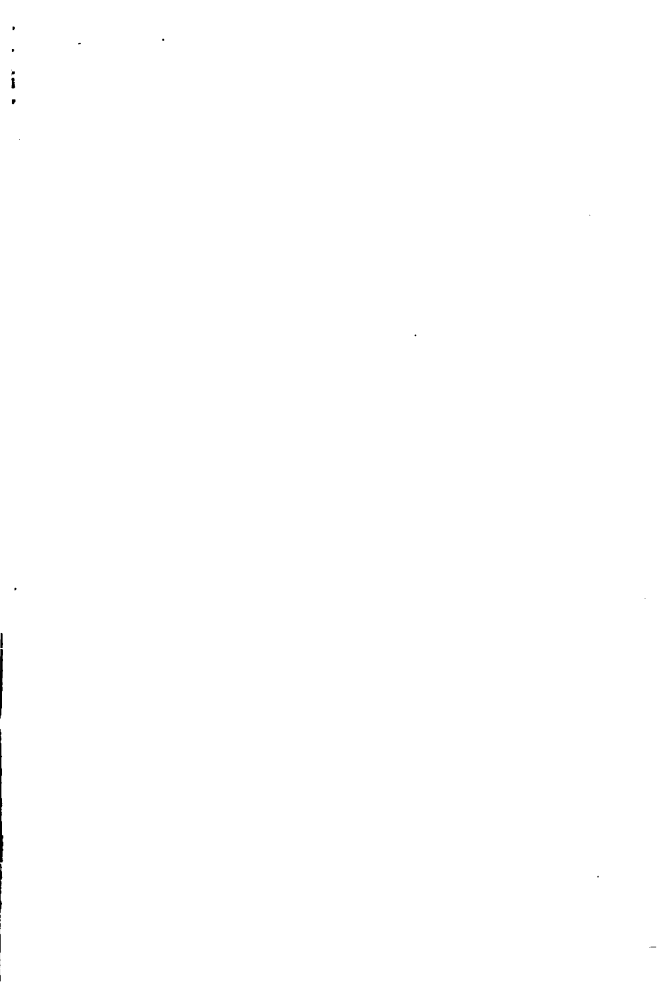
H. W. Longfellow.

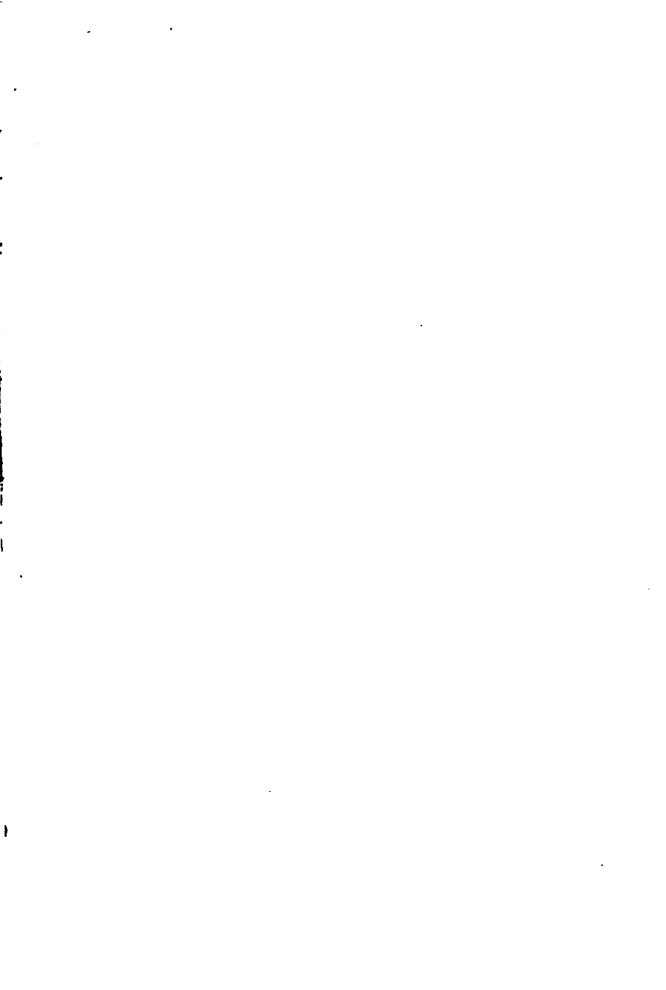
September 28.

September 29.

September 30.









R. H. Stoddard.

OCTOBER.

BENDING above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elms and birches from the maze
Of forests. Chestnuts, clicking one by one,
Escape from satin burs; her fringes done,
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days,
And, like late revellers at dawn, the chance
Of one sweet, mad, last hour, all things assail,
And conquering, flush and spin; while to enhance
The spell, by sunset door, wrapped in a veil
Of red and purple mists, the summer, pale,
Steals back alone for one more song and dance.

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

October 1.

The bee knows honey,
And the blossoms light,
Day the dawning,
Stars the night;
The slow, glad river
Knows its sea;
Is it true, Love,
I know not thee?

Mrs. R. T. Cooke.

October 2.

'Tis nobler far
To bear defeat than shine a star
In circled seat of rounded fame.
I reach my hand in trust to you.

Joaquin Miller.

Other work for man is none
But to do the Master's will;
Wet with rain, or parched with sun,
Meekly I Thy garden till.

Robert Lowell.

October 3.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it.
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late.

Mrs. M. M. Dodge.

October 1.

October 2.

October 3.

October 4.

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn woods,
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened
moss;

The naked, silent trees have taught me this, —
The loss of beauty is not always loss!

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard.

October 5.

Think not, when the wailing winds of autumn
Drive the shivering leaflets from the tree,
Think not all is over : spring returneth,
Buds and leaves and blossoms thou shalt see.

Weeping for a night alone endureth,
God at last shall bring a morning hour ;
In the frozen buds of every winter
Sleep the blossoms of a future flower.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

October 6.

Toiling early, and toiling late,
Though her name was never heard,
To the least of her Saviour's little ones
She meekly ministered.

Such a perfect life as hers, again,
In the world we may not see ;
For her heart was full of love, and her hands
Were full of charity.

Phæbe Cary.

October 4.

October 5.

October 6.

— October 7. —

Jimmy and I are fellows for play !
Never tired of it, rain or shine.
Jimmy was six the last birthday,
While I was only — sixty-nine !

And sadly the question bothers me,
As I stop in my play to look at him —
What will the Twentieth Century be,
If the Nineteenth's youngsters are all like Jim ?

K. P. Osgood.

— October 8. —

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin ! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime, —
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

J. R. Lowell.

— October 9. —

She moved with recognition sweet,
She bowed with courtesy calm and kind.
As graceful as the waving wheat
That bends before the summer wind.

I heard her rich tones sounding through
The many voices like a strain
Of lofty music, strong and true,
And perfect joy was mine again.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

October 7.

October 8.

October 9.

October 10.

We should obey ourselves alone,
Nor ask what paths have others trod;
God wants no sign to know His own,
Nor they to know their God.

R. H. Stoddard.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

J. G. Whittier.

October 11.

Sweet World, if you will hear me now :
I may not own a sounding lyre,
And wear my name upon my brow
Like some great jewel full of fire.

But let me, singing, sit apart,
In tender quiet with a few,
And keep my fame upon my heart,
A little blush-rose wet with dew.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

October 12.

She is for a saint too human,
Yet too saintly for a woman;
Something childish in her face
Blended with maturer grace,
Shows a nature pure and good,
Perfected by motherhood.

Phæbe Cary.

October 10.

October 11.

October 12.

— October 13. —

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad
spring,
The barren fields, the shivering, naked trees:
“ Thus God has dealt with me, his child,” she said —
“ I wait my spring-time and am cold like these.
To them will come the fulness of their time;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair;
Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed ?
I am His own — doth not my Father care ? ”

Mrs. L. C. Moulton.

— October 14. —

Something remains for us to do or dare ;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear ;

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

H. W. Longfellow.

— October 15. —

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil, and falter ;
But the measure to each of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter.
He sendeth light,
He sendeth night,
And change goes on for ever.

Mrs. M. M. Dodge.

October 13.

October 14.

October 15.

October 16.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air ;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbb'd once in saints and heroes rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.

J. R. Lowell.

October 17.

A double life is this of ours ;
A twofold form wherein we dwell :
And heaven itself is not so strange
Nor half so far as teachers tell.

With weary feet we daily tread
The circle of a self-same round ;
Yet the strong soul may not be held
A prisoner in the petty bound.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

October 18.

No endeavor is in vain ;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

H. W. Longfellow.

Nay, haste not like the hired slave ;
Take life's good as you go, my friend.

Joaquin Miller.

October 16.

October 17.

October 18.

October 19.

Such grace to such symmetry wed !
Quick ! — notice the droop of her shoulder,
And the exquisite curve of her arm ;
None ever will tell, or has told her
How perfect she is : — There's the charm !
Such knowledge brings nothing but harm.

Mrs. M. J. Preston.

October 20.

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

J. G. Whittier.

Take cheer, weak heart, remember and be glad,
For some one loved thee.

Mrs. L. C. Moulton.

October 21.

Rock in the wind, little nest ;
When you are full, life is best ;
Soon enough wings will be grown,
Flutter, and leave you alone.

Rock in the wind, little nest ;
Say, what are storms to the blest ?
Though you should tremble and fall,
God cares for sparrows and all !

M. N. Prescott.

October 19.

October 20.

October 21.

— October 22. —

Hand in hand with angels
Walking every day ; —
How the chain may lengthen,
None of us can say.
But we know it reaches
From earth's lowliest one,
To the shining seraph,
Throned beyond the sun.

Lucy Larcom.

— October 23. —

I am she
Whom the gods love, Tranquillity ;
He wins me late, but keeps me long,
Who, dowered with every gift of passion,
In that fierce flame can forge and fashion
Of sin and self the anchor strong ;
To him I come, not lightly wooed
But won by silent fortitude.

J. R. Lowell.

— October 24. —

I did not see her radiant face,
Bright as spring light when winter dies,
But warm across the crowded space
I felt the gaze of noble eyes ;
And in that glorious look, at last,
I seemed like one with sins forgiven,
With all life's pain and sorrow passed,
Entering the open gates of heaven !

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

October 22.

October 23.

October 24.

October 25.

Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me.

H. W. Longfellow.

October 26.

For unto man the angel guest
Still comes through gates of suffering best ;
And most our heavenly Father cares
For whom He smites, not whom He spares.
So to His chastening meekly bow,
Thou art of His beloved now !

Phæbe Cary.

October 27.

I am the one rich thing that morn
Leaves for the ardent noon to win ;
Grasp me not, I have a thorn,
But bend and take my fragrance in.

Petal on petal opening wide,
My being into beauty flows, —
Hundred-leaved and damask-dyed, —
Yet nothing, nothing but a rose !

Mrs. H. P. Spofford.

October 25.

October 26.

October 27.

October 28.

Stranger and pilgrim ! — from that day
Of meeting, first and last,
Wherever Duty's pathway lay
His reverent steps have passed.

He walked the dark world, in the mild,
Still guidance of the Light ;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right.

J. G. Whittier.

October 29.

For ah, another year, another year,
I'll set my life in richer, stronger soil,
And prune the weeds away that creep too near,
And watch and tend with never-ceasing toil —
Another year, ah, yes, another year. *Nora Perry.*

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

H. W. Longfellow.

October 30.

So brief the time to smile,
Why darken we the air
With frowns and tears, the while
We nurse despair ?

Stand in the sunshine sweet
And treasure every ray,
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darksome way.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

October 28.

October 29.

October 30.

— *October 31.* —

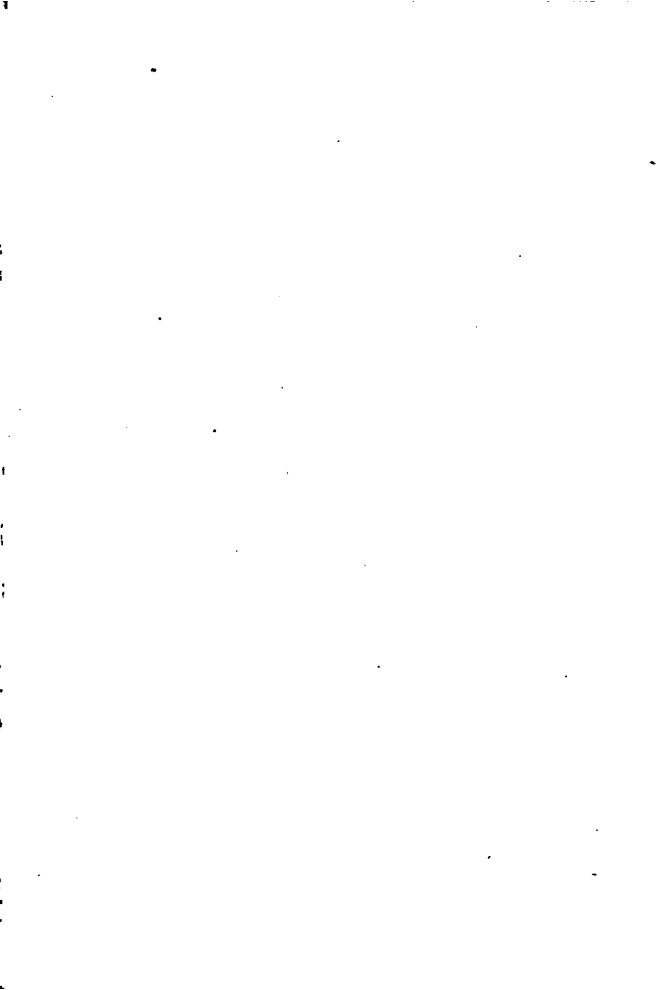
The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine :
Father ! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well ! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break !

H. McE. Kimball.

October 31.







Bayard Taylor

NOVEMBER.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood?
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.

W. C. Bryant.

— *November 1.* —

Had she beauty? Well, not what they call so;
You may find a thousand as fair;
And yet there's her face in my memory
With no special claim to be there.

'Tis a face that can never grow older,
That never can part with its gleam,
'Tis a gracious possession for ever,
For is it not all a dream? *J. R. Lowell.*

— *November 2.* —

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand:
'Twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!

R. W. Emerson.

— *November 3.* —

Patience, and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her. *H. W. Longfellow.*

His ear was filled, his great heart satisfied,
With the sweet greetings that came down the tide
To bless and bid him God speed who had cared,
With deep, unselfish love, how nations fared.
Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson.

November 1.

November 2.

November 3.

— November 4. —

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest !
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow.

J. G. Whittier.

— November 5. —

I know not and will never pry,
But trust our human heart for all ;
Wonders that from the seeker fly,
Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise
The password of the unwary elves ;
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their spies ;
Unsought, they whisper it themselves.

J. R. Lowell.

— November 6. —

I would be fire and fragrance, light and air,
All gracious things that serve thee at thy need ;
Music, to lift thy heart above all care, —
The wise and charming book that thou dost read.

There is no power that cheers and blesses thee
But I do envy it, beneath the sun !
Thy health, thy rest, thy refuge I would be ;
Thy heaven on earth, thine every good in one.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

— *November 4.* —

— *November 5.* —

— *November 6.* —

November 7.

November woods are bare and still ;
November days are bright and good ;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill ;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood ;
Some warm soft bed in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

November 8.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains and the wind is never weary ;
Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. Longfellow.

November 9.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile, till rainbows span it !
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver ;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

Lucy Larcom.

November 7.

November 8.

November 9.

— November 10. —

And though the distance grows so wide,
We tread Love's circle year by year ;
We are nearer on the other side
The farther we are sundered here.

C. F. Bates.

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your
nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

H. W. Longfellow.

— November 11. —

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,
My dumb devotion shall not shame ;
The love that no return doth crave
To knightly levels lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,
To splinter in my lady's sight ;
But at her feet, how blest were I
For any need of hers to die !

J. G. Whittier.

— November 12. —

I stand on the top, but I look not back
To the way behind me spread ;
Not to the path my feet have trod,
But the path they still must tread.

And I have gained in hope and trust,
Till the future looks so bright,
That, letting go of the hand of Faith,
I walk, at times, by sight.

Phæbe Cary.

November 10.

Trans. E. Lecky, 1853

November 11.

November 12.

— November 16. —

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage.

That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others.

H. W. Longfellow.

— November 17. —

For looking backward through the year,
Along the way my feet have pressed,
I see sweet places everywhere, —
Sweet places where my soul had rest.

My sorrows have not been so light,
The chastening hand I could not trace;
Nor have my blessings been so great
That they have hid my Father's face.

Phæbe Cary.

— November 18. —

Sometimes the arrowy sharpness of a sorrow,
Piercing life's common calm,
Smites hidden rocks of comfort, which to-morrow
O'erflow in healing balm.
'Neath burdens that we stagger in the taking
We walk erect at length;
And bitter blows that bowed almost to breaking,
Reveal our secret strength.

Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.

— *November 16.* —

— *November 17.* —

— *November 18.* —

— November 19. —

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we
think, and in all things

Keep yourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred pro-
fessions of friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to
declare it:

I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak
with you always.

H. W. Longfellow.

— November 20. —

They say that he has genius. I but see

That he gets wisdom as the flower gets hue,
While others hive it like the toiling bee ;

That, with him, all things beautiful keep new,
And every morn the first morn seems to be —

So freshly look abroad his eyes of blue !
What he has written seems to me no more
Than I have thought a thousand times before !

N. P. Willis.

— November 21. —

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,

And steer as Conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of Fate,
Though wild the ocean swells.

I know my soul is strong and high,

If once I give it sway ;
I feel a glorious power within,
Though light I seem and gay.

Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

— *November 19.* —

— *November 20.* —

— *November 21.* —

— November 22. —

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in ;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.
Through wish, resolve, and act, our will
Is moved by undreamed forces still ;
And no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circumstance.

J. G. Whittier.

— November 23. —

Unmurmuring, patient, cheerful, pitiful,
Prompt with the holy sufferer to endure,
Forsaking all to follow the dear Lord, —
Thus did he make his glorious calling sure.

O soul, whoe'er thou art, walking life's way,
As yet from touch of deadly sorrow free,
Learn from this story to forecast the day
When Jesus and his cross shall come to thee.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

— November 24. —

While we are young our youth too near for Art
doth lie —

Our life a poem is, but for another's eye.

Not in the present we the present charm can feel,
But Memory and Hope have Beauty's wondrous
seal.

Time melts the dross away and leaves the ore alone,
And in a magic ring it sets life's opal stone

W. W. Story.

November 22.

November 23.

November 24.

— *November 25.* —

The task was thine to mould and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace :
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
With bended heads of mourning, stand
The living forms that owe their beauty
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

J. G. Whittier.

— *November 26.* —

In the haste of youth we miss
Its best of blisses ;
Sweeter than the stolen kiss
Are the granted kisses.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong
That never wrongeth.

Bayard Taylor.

— *November 27.* —

Patient the wounded earth receives the plough's
sharp share,
And hastes the sweet return of golden grain to bear.

So patient under scorn and injury abide, —
Who conquereth all within may dare the world
outside.

W. W. Story.

November 25.

November 26.

November 27.

— November 28. —

To him all things were possible, and seemed
Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed,
And what were tasks to others were his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday.

And all men loved him for his modest grace,
And comeliness of figure and of face.

H. W. Longfellow.

— November 29. —

So to my heart your memory clings,
So sweet, so rich, so delicate ;
Eternal summer-time it brings,
Defying all the storms of fate ;
A power to turn the darkness bright,
Till life with matchless beauty glows ;
Each moment touched with tender light,
And every thought of you a rose !

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

— November 30. —

He was so human ! whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sat an equal guest at every board :
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume ; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

J. R. Lowell.

November 28.

November 29.

November 30.

For the Stems's



John G. Whittier

DECEMBER.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

R. W. Emerson.

December 1.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness.
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage and with meekness.
• A sunny face,
Hath holy grace,
To woo the sun for ever.

Mrs. M. M. Dodge.

December 2.

Her winning smile and her gleeful glance
Like a beam of sunshine fell ;
Making the saddest heart rejoice,
Like some sweet bewitching spell.

And her gifted mind shone brightly out
In her fair and youthful face,
And the charm of a kind and a gentle heart
Shed around her a lovely grace.

C. F. Orne.

December 3.

When life, once past its fortieth year
Wheels up its evening hemisphere,
The mind's own shadow, which the boy
Saw onward point to hope and joy,
Shifts round, irrevocably set
Toward morning's loss and vain regret,
And, argue with it as we will,
The clock is unconverted still.

J. R. Lowell.

December 1.

Fanny Ballant Carpenter

December 2.

December 3.

— *December 4.* —

Have courage ! Keep good cheer !
Our longest time is brief.
To those who hold you dear
Bring no more grief.

But cherish blisses small,
Grateful for least delight
That to your lot doth fall
However slight.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

— *December 5.* —

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *December 6.* —

Have I my guardian angels grieved
That they have taken flight?
Or frown'st thou on me, oh my God !
In the visions of the night?
Yet with a child's fond faith I rest
Still on thy fatherhood ;
Speak peace unto my troubled dreams,
Thou merciful and good !

Mrs. S. J. Lippincott.

December 4.

December 5.

Wm. T. Laidley
Horton E. Cobb.

December 6.

— *December 7.* —

For what is the grace of the lily
But her own slender grace?
And what is the rose's beauty
But the beauty of her face?

W. D. Howells.

Ay, for the soul is better than its frame,
The spirit than its temple.

N. P. Willis.

— *December 8.* —

We know him well : no need of praise
Or bonfire from the windy hill
To light to softer paths and ways
The world-worn man we honor still ;

No need to quote those truths he spoke
That burned through years of war and shame
While History carves with surer stroke
Across our map his noon-day fame.

Bret Harte.

— *December 9.* —

She looks through life, and with a balance just
Weighs men and things, beholding as they are
The lives of others : in the common dust
She finds the fragments of the ruined star :
Proud with a pride all feminine and sweet,
No path can soil the whiteness of her feet.

Bayard Taylor.

December 7.

December 8.

December 9.

— *December 10.* —

As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

H. W. Longfellow.

— *December 11.* —

Suns may fall
Or flash; dear heart! I speak and call
Your soul unto its fate.
Tread bravely down life's evening slope.
Before the night comes, do not grope!
For ever shines some small, sweet hope,
And God is not too late.

E. S. Phelps.

— *December 12.* —

Her voice is glad with holy songs,
Her lips are sweet with prayer;
Go where you will, in ten miles round
Is none more good and fair.

J. G. Whittier.

Only the free, pure spirit hears
The heavenly music of the spheres.

C. F. Orne.

December 10.

December 11.

December 12.

December 13.

Every heart must learn to beat,
As every robin learns to trill,—
And every life be made complete,
Led upward by a higher will.

D. R. Goodale.

She was of that better clay
Which treads not oft this earthly stage :
Such charmed spirits lose their way
But once or twice into an age.

T. B. Read.

December 14.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

H. W. Longfellow.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !
Take this lesson to thy heart :
That is best which lieth nearest ;
Shape from that thy work of art.

H. W. Longfellow.

December 15.

For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
In fragrance, music, light ;
The spring-time wooes thee with a thousand voices,
For thee her flowers are bright ;
Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy splendor,
Trembling beneath thine eyes ;
The morning sky is yet serene and tender,
Thy life before thee lies. *Mrs. Celia Thaxter.*

December 13.

December 14.

December 15.

December 16.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

H. W. Longfellow.

December 17.

Close to the Silent Gate
Friends gone before thee wait,
While they still here behold
Thy white locks lit with gold.

Hark ! in unbuilt spires
Bells chime ! and unborn choirs,
Tuned to a later fame,
Still breathe and bless thy name !

Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson.

December 18.

Strive not to say the whole ! the Poet in his Art
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

Each act contains the Life, each work of Art the
world,
And all the planet laws are in each dew-drop pearled.

W. W. Story.

December 16.

December 17.

December 18.

— December 19. —

I know not: but, whate'er thou art,
Whoe'er thou art, were mine the spell,
To call Fate's joys or blunt his dart,
There should not be one hand or heart
But served or wished thee well.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

— December 20. —

To seek is better than to gain,
The fond hope dies as we attain;
Life's fairest things are those which seem;
The best is that of which we dream.

So failure wins; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense;
And evermore the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

J. G. Whittier.

— December 21. —

And me — do you remember? I remain
Unchanged, I think; though one I saw like me
Some years ago, with hair that was not white;
And she was with you then as brave a soul
As souls can be whom Fate has not approached.
But seek and find me now unchanged or changed,
Mirthful in tears, and in my laughter sad.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard.

December 19.

December 20.

December 21.

Magnus Pennell Lybster
'83

December 22.

Her pride was suited to her high estate,
Her gentleness was equal with her youth,
Her wisdom in her goodness found its mate.

No woman's head so keen to work its will,
But that the woman's heart is mistress still.

E. C. Stedman.

December 23.

So, when God's shadow, which is light,
Unheralded, by day or night,
My wakening instincts falls across,
Silent as sunbeams over moss,
In my heart's nest half-conscious things
Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long
With premonitions sweet of song.

J. R. Lowell.

December 24.

But as the bell that high in some cathedral swings,
Stirred by whatever thrill with its own music rings,
So finer souls give forth, to each vibrating tone
Impinging on their life, a music of their own.

Lift thou thyself above the accidents of life,
With pain and joy alike be friends, abjuring strife.

W. W. Story.

December 22.

December 23.

December 24.

— December 25. —

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me :
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

Mrs. J. W. Howe.

— December 26. —

Her face has the look worn by those who with God
and his angels have talked :
The white robes she wears are less white than the
spirits with which she has walked.

Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,
Daily with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

J. R. Lowell.

— December 27. —

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry ;
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again.

Bret Harte.

I know not what the years may bring
Of dangers wild, or joys serene,
But turning to the east, I sing,
“ Lord, keep my memory green.”

J. G. Clark.

December 25.

December 26.

Robert H. Bush

December 27.

— *December 28.* —

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best :
So, when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Saxe Holm.

— *December 29.* —

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest !

H. W. Longfellow.

— *December 30.* —

One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

December 28.

December 29.

December 30.

Serge, J. V. & family
179-83.

— *December 31.* —

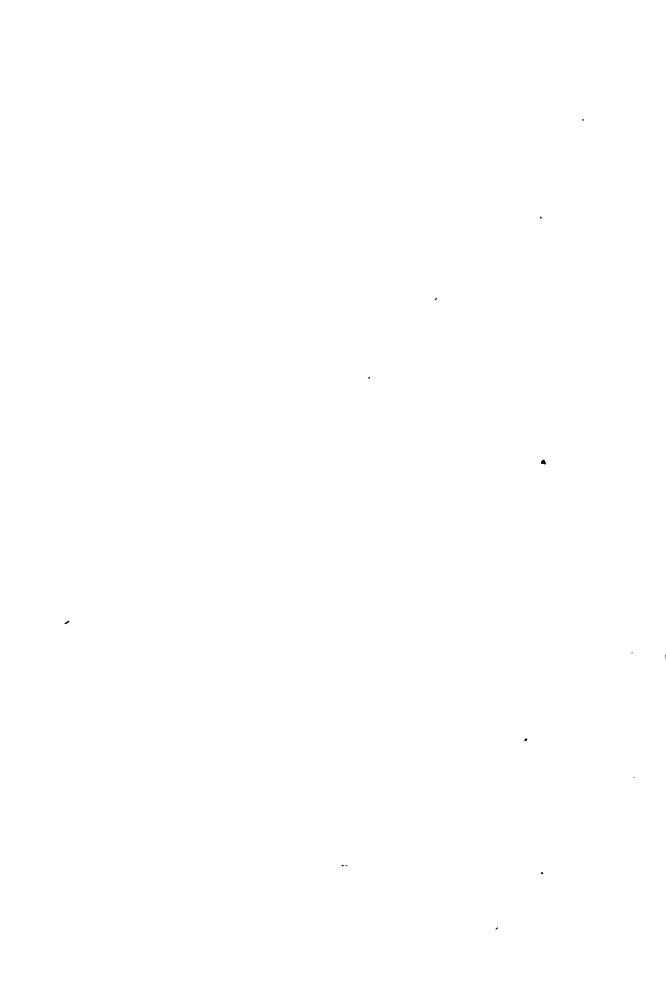
All round the year the trusting soul
May find the word of promise whole;
The flight of time, unknown above,
Breaks not our Father's boundless love;
Unbroken be the tranquil light
That folds our lesser sphere,
As ever pure, and calm, and bright
All round the year.

Elaine Goodale.

Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth —
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint:
Each lost day has its patron saint!

Bret Harte.

December 31.



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